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WOMEN'S WEEKLY



Princess Elizabeth

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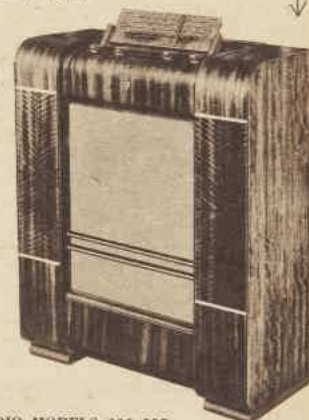


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The Roller-in-the-Aisle.



"How about my glasses? When do I get them, Bernice?" he asked.

Hutchins is a foremost writer. He is an artist. He is not, however, a natural-born film writer.

"I'm still listening," I said.

"He writes for magazines," Webster went on, "and he writes books of a high order. On top of this his father is an important banker in New York, and taking one thing with the other he can walk into Hollywood's top offices and see Hollywood's top people. He has asked me to represent him, formally, but he is now out arranging things all by himself."

At this very moment, Mr. Hutchins was ushered in. He was fairly tall and kind of round-shouldered, and of all things he had a suit of clothes: a dark grey suit, with matching coat and trousers. He was grinning and looking at us through glasses with thick lenses. The grin made him look like a kid.

"Come in, Hutch," Webster said, and introduced us. "How are you lined up?" Webster asked him.

"Pretty well," Hutch said. "I'm to see Louis Ballard and Mr. Gorman this afternoon, and Jack Ward to-morrow morning."

"That's fine," Webster said. He turned to me.

"Bernice, here, is my first lieutenant and an expert at analysing producer reactions. Suppose you take notes on what happens when you see these people, then huddle with Bernice late to-morrow, and she'll draw up a report for me."

Hutch looked at me and grinned again. "Swell," he said. "Maybe we could have dinner to-morrow."

When he met me next day, he tried to be gay. I knew that one from wayback. "Never mind, Hutch," I said; "just tell me about it."

He slumped down. "They were very nice to me," he said. "Both Mr. Gorman and Mr. Ballard personally looked at my story outline, and Mr. Ward let me tell him about it. They all thought it had great possibilities." He ordered cocktails. "But," he went on, "they thought it had greater possibilities for some other studio."

"I know, Hutch," I said. He grinned that nice wide grin at me. "You know," he said, "this isn't my usual work. It's just that I know this—although is here, and I need some and I thought I'd make a quick try. All I want is enough reserve to settle down to some solid writing."

Please turn to page 4

I AM, or was, what is known in Hollywood as an aisle-roller, or more formally speaking a roller-in-the-aisle. At present I am retired, married, living with my husband in a small but charming Valley home, and expect a son or daughter, as the case may be. Possibly both.

Going back to my former job, my boss was a Mr. Irving Webster. I met him at a drive-in one mild evening.

I was sitting in my modest car with a girl friend who worked with me in a dress shop at the time, and we had ordered a hamburger special, double, with a slice of raw onion and a pickle on the side.

They were quite a mess, and when the girl who was bringing them out to our car tripped and dropped them, she was ready to burst into tears.

This seemed quite funny to me, and when I had managed to stop laughing and was wiping my eyes, I looked up to see a large man with shrewd grey eyes standing beside the car looking at me with interest.

He said he had been sitting in his car, next to mine, and he was an author's agent, and would I care to get in touch with him in the morning at his office? He gave me his card.

It was engraved: Irving Webster, with address. Well, I thought to myself, nothing attempted nothing done. So I took the next morning off and went to see him. He was very pleasant and told me a couple of comic stories; we had a grand laugh.

I must explain here that I laugh easily. Things that others grin at, I can't help but laugh out loud over, and it's something that makes normal people laugh who can depend on me to practically double up.

I mean, that's the way it used to be. In any case, Webster explained his plan. He said that most movie producers like to have a movie idea expressed to them in person or anyway, have the writer read it out loud, while the producer closes his eyes and thinks. It seems they can't think with their eyes open, which makes it awkward for them to read something by themselves.

Well, Webster said, on account of this, writers work mostly in pairs, where one can read or tell the story and the other can laugh his head off at the funny parts.

It would be my job to do the laughing, then when I was trying to come out of my spasm the other would say, "See, Mr. Gor-

man, it'll have them rolling in the aisle." Hence my title.

I went to work at once for seventy-five per week, and very soon I was a favorite with all the writers Webster handled, most of whom would not even call on a producer unless I was there to aisle-roll the job. Webster soon made it a hundred a week and I was, of course, getting rich.

I did this for a whole year before something rather disastrous began to happen to me.

When I took the job I didn't realise that it was customary to put the same jokes in every movie, perhaps changing the place and the actor and in very extreme cases changing the wording of the joke. After a year of trying to laugh at the same jokes over and over again, you get so you want to laugh in the wrong places.

For example: You take where a poor old mother is selling flowers on the street; she has got what the movies call a past, and she isn't recognised by the beautiful daughter she is putting through college on the side.

This is not the right place to laugh. But I had to choke myself to keep from doing it; and that is where I got frightened for my job and called up Charlie Bostrom and asked him to take me to lunch.

Charlie was at Mammoth Studios on a job I had laughed him into, and so we'd been seeing a good deal of each other. I liked Charlie very much; he was a hand-

some, friendly guy with a little place of his own out in the Valley, just the kind of place I've always wanted.

"Before we go to lunch," I told him over the phone, "I want you to get out something funny and read it to me."

Charlie said okay, and I went on over. He had his feet on his desk and some script in his hand and he was a welcome sight.

"Is it funny?" I asked him.

He grinned at me. "You giving it away these days?" he asked.

"Shut up," I said. "I need some brushing up."

So he read me a page of the script and in a way it was quite funny and I got myself on the beam and worked up to a Number One job of hysterical laughter. When I came to, I was in Charlie's arms. He was saying, "... and I need you, dear."

Then he said, "This is wonderful, darling. Talk about two people made for each other—I always think of you the way you are right now, laughing at my lines. Often when I'm out there in my little place in the Valley, my modest ranch, all by myself, I wish someone like you—"

He stopped, and gave me his handkerchief. "Use this, sweet," he said.

We went to lunch. Charlie said he'd been a little doubtful about the humor of the part he had read to me, but now that he knew it was right he was going to Palm Springs for a week and just sit there in the sun and think and think, developing the line, and he'd phone me when he got back.

When I returned to the office Webster tossed me a four-page outline.

"Bernice," he said, "look this over right away, will you? It's out of your line, but I want your reaction."

Well, honestly, of all the things I'd ever been asked, it was just straight melodrama, not very good, done the way people who have never written for the movies think it is done.

"Webster," I said, "laughing's my line, not crying."

"That was written by a man named Michael Hutchins," Webster said. "Michael

By DONALD HOUGH

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IN THE BEAUTIFUL NEW BOTTLE

2/3

HUTCH started to tell me about the book he had outlined to the producers. It was a very fine tragedy. Then right in the middle of it Hutch had an accident. He took off his glasses, waved them a little, and dropped them. One lens got smashed.

Hutch was terribly disturbed. "Confound it!" he said.

I put the glasses in my bag and told him I'd take them to the optician the first thing in the morning and have a new lens made. They could do it without a prescription, just by measuring.

We drank our cocktails, and had dinner, and during dinner Hutch explained the rest of the book. When I referred to it once as a tragedy, Hutch looked at me funny, but I could see he was worrying mostly about the glasses.

"Blurrish," he said, looking round the room. "Confound it."

At dessert he said, "I was going to touch up the movie outline tonight, improve it here and there. But I certainly can't do it now. I can't read. So how about the two of us just stepping out a bit? One or another of these Hollywood places. I can see enough for that."

I agreed, then, as we were leaving the Derby, Hutch had another accident. As we were approaching the door, in came Louis Ballard with some friends. Ballard looked at Hutch, and smiled, and nodded.

Hutch looked right through him and kept on going.

Of course Hutch didn't know what he'd done. When we got outside I took his arm.

"My dear," I said—endearments are a semicolon in Hollywood—"I wonder if you realised you snubbed Ballard?"

"Oh, I'm very sorry," he said. "I wouldn't have done it for the world. Shall I go back and apologise? The decent thing, I should think."

"Not in Hollywood," I explained. "The way it is here, Hutch, you just keep on going, no matter what. Just like a story conference in a studio—the first one to pause for a comma is through for the day."

We went our way.

By midnight Hutch certainly was through forever in Hollywood, and by one o'clock I was home and in bed and not able to sleep because I was so sorry for such a fine person.

He had been wonderful to me, and had ignored business-niceties you do not meet every day in my trade. Not a single wisecrack, not a single gag that I was supposed to laugh at; it gave me a whole new view of things.

It was nearly eleven when I got to the office in the morning. I found Webster trotting around tugging at his chin.

"It's that Hutchins story," he said.

"Forget it," I said. "That's all over."

"That's what you think," he said. "Mannix Studios called me a few minutes ago and wanted a chance to reconsider their hasty judgment about it. Ward's phoned and said they understood Hutchins had something rather big. Gorman's story editor reminded me of a break he gave me last year and wanted a chance to bid on the Hutchins business. The funny part of it is, none of them had even seen the Hutchins outline. Do you get it?"

At first I didn't, then it came with a rush. And I decided to let Webster in on it.

"Webster," I said thoughtfully, "nobody in Hollywood wants a story very much until somebody else has bought it. Or made a big offer for it. Check?"

Webster checked.

"And the only time a writer insults a top producer, or ignores him in public, is when the writer has no longer any need of said producer, for reasons I have explained. Check?"

"Check," Webster said.

So I told him about Hutch's glasses, and his looking right through Ballard, and later cutting

The Roller-in-the-Aisle

Continued from page 3

Jack Ward, then refusing to drink with Sam Gorman because he thought he was a stranger.

"So," I ended up, "Hollywood being what it is, Hutch is sitting right on top of it."

"Check," Webster said again. A little weak.

"All right," I said. "You turned this job over to me and I'm going to do it. Put your copy of Hutch's outline in your bottom drawer and forget it. I'm having lunch with him. Just let me handle everything."

When I saw Hutch he was very sad. "I wish I had my glasses," he said. "Did they tell you when they'd be ready? Gosh, but I'm sorry about last night. I wouldn't have done that to those people for anything."

"They'll be ready in a day or so," I said quickly. "Now, Hutch, I talked to Webster a little while ago and there has been some very, very nice interest shown in your work. Perhaps not the actual outline you have with you, but in your—well, your reputation as a writer. New look. You said you wanted to make some money. I think I can do it for you if you'll do exactly as I say. Will you?"

"Of course, Bernice," Hutch said. "Very well," I said. "First, don't show the outline to anybody. That's a Hollywood trade secret that I can't exactly explain, but you take my word for it. Next, you'll have to go Hollywood for a while."

HAZEL



"Go what?" he asked.

"Hollywood," I said. "Get yourself a decent outfit. Some soft shoes in two colors, light blue pants, a salmon-colored or checkered jacket, a nice bright yellow scarf, and so on. No hat. Then go around every night to the various night clubs, but only the best ones. I'll see about items in the newspaper columns, and all that. You start to-day."

"But, Bernice!" Hutch said. "That would be bad enough even when you can see what you're doing."

"It's not a question of seeing," I explained, "but of being seen."

Hutch paused. "You mean I'm to go around with you?" he asked.

"No," I said. "I'm with an agency. That wouldn't work."

"Then I won't do it," Hutch said.

"Yes you will," I said.

Charlie Bostrom phoned from Palm Springs three days later and told me I was invited out for the week-end, and I had to turn it down.

"I'm sorry, Charlie," I said, "but I'm on a big job for Webster."

I guess he could tell by my voice that I was tired, because he got nice, the way Charlie can be if he wants to, and offered me his little ranch out in the Valley to rest up in, if I wanted it. I said no.

Meanwhile, Hutch was going over like a million dollars. He had met a lot of people, and, as I had figured, he had failed to speak to them an hour later. He was in all the gossip and he was Hollywood's current rage. I was very, very glad for him. And I did not by any means hold against him, personally, the fact that he cut me dead two nights in a row. I merely felt it my professional duty to wander around

and see how things were shaping up.

But I do believe I was within my rights to feel that Hutch ought to be able to recognise me from a distance of four or five feet, which he failed to do twice in succession. During those three days he called me up just exactly once. At the office. He said he was having an interesting time. I said that was just lovely.

"I've met some rather large producers," he said.

Large producers? I don't know whether Doris Addison is a large producer or not, but in my book she had always been a free loader to end all free loaders.

In her prime, oldtimers say, she was a very excellent fourth-rate actress, with a soft lens used on her, the way she would look to a person whose vision was a mess anyway. At present she was grabbing the arm of anybody within thirty feet of a flash bulb, the Main Chance written all over her formerly beautiful map.

Hutch saw me, all right, the night Charlie called. He saw me because, sitting at my little table by myself, I stuck out my foot and tripped him a little. He was wearing his current outfit: a sports shirt, a pair of rayon pants, a plaid jacket, and of course Doris.

"Bernice!" he said. "How do you know it's me?" I asked.

"I couldn't have missed you," he said.

"You haven't been having much trouble along that line lately," I reminded him.

Hutch frowned. "But I didn't know it," he said. "And another thing: How about my glasses? When do I get them, Bernice?"

"Any day now," I told him. The truth was I had them in my bag at the moment, all repaired. I looked at Doris and nodded in a very sweet and friendly way. She smirked.

Okay. If that was the way it was going to be, then that was the way it was going to be. If Hutch wanted his glasses he could certainly have them. If he wanted to look at Doris in fine, sharp, wonderful detail, I was nobody to stand in his way. I was tired, worn out with being

brittle and smart and Hollywood. I wanted, of all things, a kitchen. Good-bye, Mr. Hutchins.

On my way home I stopped at his hotel and left the glasses.

When I got to the office in the morning there was a note there to call Palm Springs, which I did. It was Charlie. He said he was skipping the week-end there, because he had already rounded out his script, and he was coming in and would I have lunch with him the next day. I said sure.

When I got to the office the next morning, wearing my best dress for my lunch with Charlie, Webster was walking around in circles again. He stopped short when he saw me.

"What goes on?" he demanded.

"About what?" I asked.

"The Hutchins thing has collapsed," he said. "Just simply collapsed. You wanted to handle it and I let you and now look at it. The studios are calling up and dropping it like a hot potato."

"Hot potato!" I said, playing for time to think.

"Don't get fresh," he said. "Why, only yesterday I could have closed for thirty, forty, fifty, sixty—"

"Seventy, eighty, ninety, a hundred, that's all around my goal," I said. I was still trying to think.

"I want to know," Webster said, rather loudly.

"So do I," I said. "Have you seen Hutch?"

"Yes," Webster said. "A little while ago. He can't do it out either. Anyway, we've called it off and he's going back home."

"I quit," I said.

Please turn to page 10

Gold mine in the house

By . . .

J. N. HARRIS

MONSIEUR CHARBONNEAU, who presides over the Chateau St. Christophe, in the Laurentians, brought two new guests over to my table. Meester Anderson and Meester Morgan, he introduced them, they are just arrive—and then he waddled off to the kitchen—nay, the studio—where Madame Charbonneau did wonderful things to trout and partridges and steaks.

I knew at once that Morgan was a racketeer. He was large and loud and he wore diamonds that I'd have bet had not been come by honestly. Then it struck me that this was the Morgan who owned half of the rather notorious nightclub, the Singed Cat.

Anderson, the other man, was just the opposite: neat and quiet and self-effacing.

For several days I listened to Morgan at meal-times but didn't hear a word from Anderson, except that his name was Doctor Anderson and that he didn't want to join Mr. Morgan in a game of poker.

Neither of them showed any interest in fishing, nor did they lug easels out on the rocks to prepare Christmas cards in four colors, the usual pursuits at St. Christophe. I decided that Morgan was dodging a writ and Anderson was there for his health.

Morgan tried to pump the doctor but he couldn't get anything out of him other than the two items already mentioned.

I was somewhat surprised, therefore, when I barged into the lounge one evening to find my two table-mates side by side on a settee, chattering away like old cronies. It was a chilly evening and young Charbonneau had lighted a fire.

"Hey, you," Morgan shouted, "come and join us. Andy, here, the old oyster, has opened up and he can really talk. He says he's a psychiatrist. Doc—what was the word?"

"A psychiatrist. A specialist in mental and nervous disorders."

"Yeah, see?" Morgan went on. "He claims that he can tell, from the kind of heebie jeebies you've got, just how many times you fell over when you were three."

I sat down and listened and I must admit that Anderson was interesting. He told us about complexes and reflexes, and neuroses and psychoses, and the subconscious, and he made them sound as simple as the works of a toy train.

That wasn't enough for Morgan, though; he kept asking every now and then just what Dr. Anderson had come to St. Christophe for. Was it business or pleasure?

Anderson was a little cagey at first; but Morgan wouldn't let him alone.

"Oh well, where's the harm?" Anderson said finally. "After all, my deal is through. I have only to close it to-morrow and then I'm returning to the city. Gentlemen—and he stared at us impressively—"I came here to buy a gold mine."

Morgan's mouth flew open and the crafty look of the hardened sceptic came over his face.

"Yeah?" was all he could say. "Yes," said the doctor, "and it was psychiatry that led me to this mine. Oh, I don't mean a gold mine in the literal sense. It's a house, actually. But let me tell you, gentlemen, the house is a gold mine."

"No kidding?" said Morgan. "Tell us all about it."

"It's a long story," the doctor said, "and I see that the fire has gone out. Come to my room—there's a portable oilstove there, and we can be warm."

We sprawled in chairs in Anderson's room, and he began his story . . .



Years ago (the doctor said) I was a struggling psychiatrist, working as consultant to a private sanitarium. All the patients were rich, but the richest man in the place was Sir Arnold Corbett. You've heard of him—everybody has.

Anyway, Corbett became mentally ill. He got scared. He was afraid he was going to be robbed and murdered, and he hired bodyguards. Then he got scared of the bodyguards. Then he built himself a house that was really a private fortress. Corbett's Folly they called it. Walls six and eight feet thick. Slits of windows. Secret passages and all the rest of it. A madman's dream.

He got more and more scared. Finally he even reached the point where he got frightened the banks might fail.

THERE were stories at the time of armored cars driving up to Corbett's Folly in the dead of night—carrying gold. Gold to be stowed away where thieves and manipulators couldn't get at it. Servants were fired and finally the old boy was living in that huge house with only a housekeeper and one elderly manservant. About that time his relatives got him committed to the sanitarium.

That's where I came into the picture. I worked on that man day after day for years. Sometimes he was raving for weeks and sometimes he would lie, emitting low, piteous moans for several days. In his few lucid moments I worked with him patiently, slowly piecing together the story of his life.

We psychiatrists can piece together the double talk of a patient in a trance. In such a state patients will tell us things they are afraid even to think.

So in this way I finally got it worked out that Corbett had been so worried about the secret hiding place of his hoard of gold that he hadn't dared to think of it and had finally forgotten it. That had driven him mad.

Then, digging deeper and even deeper into his subconscious, I came upon the secret that even he had forgotten—the hiding place.

That night Arnold Corbett sat up and ate his dinner a sane man. Once he had remembered it, through my psychoanalytical method, his mind was restored in a manner that was termed miraculous at the time.

"Of course I'm fit again, Anderson, and I'm deeply grateful to you," he said. "My relatives had me shut away here so they could get my money, but I'll show 'em. I'm going to leave it all to you. Call a medical

board at once and have me declared sane."

Quivering with joy, I summoned a number of mental specialists and convened a board that very evening. They were amazed at Corbett's recovery and showered me with congratulations. In slightly less than two hours they declared Corbett to be a sane man and left at once.

"Now bring me a pen and paper," Corbett bellowed, "I want to make a new will at once."

Although it didn't seem very tactful, in view of the nature of his recent illness, I provided him with foolscap and a pen and he set out to write like a man who hadn't much time. There were small bequests to faithful servants and one or two to institutions, but the bulk of his fortune went to me.

While he wrote, however, Sir Arnold suddenly grew weak and faint. The mental stress had proved too much for his heart and he began to sink.

"Witnesses," he cried, "bring me witnesses, at once!"

Hastily I summoned two of the attendants and the rapidly failing man scrawled his name on the document. The attendants witnessed the signature. I folded the will, placed it in my coat pocket, and turned to watch Sir Arnold draw his last breath.

Gentlemen so unnerfed was I by my sudden fortune that I never looked at that will again until it came up for probate in court. Naturally his family fought to have the thing quashed. When I produced the will in court, I was horrified to notice that the witnesses had signed themselves "Bonaparte" and "Oliver Cromwell." Only then did I remember that the two attendants were harmless patients.

Of course the will was set aside and I had to resign from the sanitarium staff. The relatives got all of Corbett's property—all they could find. One person alone knew the hiding place of the gold and I was that person.

For twenty years I have waited and for twenty years the relatives have ransacked every corner of Corbett's Folly. It is a gigantic network of stone and masonry, and they have pulled out walls, dug up the cellar, and torn out chimneys, to no avail.

Several have gone bankrupt and many have died in the interval. Today the property is owned by an old woman, a Mrs. Reeves, who is a niece of the late owner. She has at last despaired and is ready to sell

"Well," I remarked, leaning forward, "your father is certainly some psychiatrist."

the house for what it will fetch, but alas, she knows that I know something, so she had held out for a lot of money, much more than a heap of ruins is worth, but I have raised the money, and to-morrow Corbett's Folly becomes mine—mine. Gentlemen, that house is a gold mine.

Morgan's eyes were nearly bulging out of his head. He ground out his cigar and we left together, as the doctor prepared to go to bed.

In the corridor Morgan shook me by the arm and kept repeating, "A gold mine! A gold mine!"

Morgan was already at breakfast when I arrived next morning.

"Listen," he said, "do you think that story last night was just a frame-up? What's his game?"

"Ask him," I said, "ask him if you can buy a share."

"That's right," Morgan said. "If it's on the level he'll say no."

He ate for a minute or so, with a worried expression.

"But supposing it is on the level," he said, "How can we cut in?"

AT that moment Anderson came in, so I didn't answer. Morgan wasted no time.

"Doc," he said, "this house you were talking about. Is it near here?"

"About two miles and a bit," said the doctor, "you can go through St. Christophe, or there's a shorter way by the river road. Really, I must have been a bit excited last night to tell you all about it. I hope you won't say too much just yet."

"Not a yelp out of me, Doc," Morgan replied, "but just tell me one thing. Could a man buy into this venture?"

The doctor smiled and shook his head.

"Perhaps I'm greedy," he said, "I've waited a long time though. My certified cheque is in the lawyer's hands for the full amount. Title has been searched and Mr. Bouchard has agreed to get the deed for

me this morning. How would you like to go along with me and see the place?"

An hour later the three of us were looking at the weirdest heap of ruins I have ever seen. The motif of Corbett's Folly was wondrously mixed. Stone and brick and concrete had all been used, and for the lover of the archaic there were touches of the Gothic dungeon and the Aztec cliff dwelling.

The cellar had been excavated. Walls and fireplaces had been torn down. Floors had been pulled up.

"It's difficult to see how they missed it," Anderson said, "and yet, look here. The floor in this room is higher than the floor in that, yet the ceilings below are the same level. Pull those three steps out, and you come to a solid stone wall. Pull that out, and you are in a narrow passage that leads right around the next room, mortised right into the outer wall."

"The relatives never did go to the expense of having the whole place dismantled—that would have cost a fortune, you know, but it's a wonder to me they missed an obvious thing like this. Well, I must cut back to the Chateau, because I have to be at the lawyer's at one."

The doctor and I were going back by the direct road, but Morgan said he had to go through the village to buy some liniment. We hadn't parted long when a thought occurred to me.

"Doctor," I said, "Do you think that fellow will try to double-cross you? You haven't got the deed yet, you know."

The doctor laughed. "Why, the whole thing's settled. Mrs. Reeves has agreed to the terms. She lives in the village, just to be near her uncle's old place. I've given my cheque and, besides, where would a chap like that raise so much money in an hour or so? Bouchard said the thing had to be settled to-day. He's sick of it, frankly."

Please turn to page 13



KEEP HER CHRISTMAS — BRIGHT AND RADIANT
THROUGHOUT THE YEAR

Elizabeth Arden

LONDON . . . NEW YORK . . . PARIS . . . SYDNEY

WISHING WILL MAKE IT SO

By MARY JUST

SO you hold it in your hand and close your eyes and wish and whatever you wish comes true," said Norma Stuart conclusively.

"Fiddle-de-diddle-de-dee," said Amanda Louisa, throwing in an extra "diddle" for luck.

"You may laugh, but I've tried it over and over again," said Norma. "All right. Try it now. Convince me."

"It may not come as quickly as all that, you know, and it may come in some roundabout way you never thought of."

"Hedging already?" asked Amanda Louisa, who was more generally known as Mandy-Lou.

"I'm not hedging. I believe in it."

"All right. Give it here," said Mandy-Lou, adding, "I wish that a very good-looking man may ring the front door bell and come in to-night."

She spoke fast, with her eyes tightly shut. This last was a pity, because they were lovely eyes, very dark grey with lashes that were the envy of all her friends, except perhaps quiet Highland Norma, who was safely engaged to the boy of her heart and didn't need to envy anyone's eyelashes.

"Well," said Mandy-Lou after an interval. "So what?"

"It isn't five minutes since you wished. Anyway, you mustn't dare them."

"Who's them?" asked Mandy-Lou ungrammatically.

"Pr-r-r-ring!" said the front door bell.

"Oh, goodness!" said Mandy, clutching her heart suddenly.

"I warned you," said Norma. "Go and see who it is."

"Evening, Mandy," said Norma's fiancé, who stood there on the mat. "Norma in?"

Well, of course, he was very good-looking. But to pretend that a wish-stone had brought him at that particular minute was simply—well, ridiculous. True, Norma hadn't expected him that night, but still—

"Hullo, poppet!" he said, entering the living-room of the tiny flat shared by the two girls. "Managed to make it, after all. What about a spot of supper out?"

"Great," said Norma. "Just wait till I hurl on a coat."

She went to hurl it on, leaving the odd little yellowy-brown stone lying on the table. Mandy-Lou picked it up and held it gingerly.

"Norma ever show you this?" she said.

"What? The luck-stone? Oh, yes." He smiled tenderly. "She believes in it firmly. It gives me a kind of 'grue,' you know. I don't much like playing about with those things. The Highlands are we're old places. She had it given her by her old nurse or someone when she was a child."

"But it doesn't really—"

"Of course not," said Larry Marton.

Mandy-Lou still held the thing.

"It's odd, though," she said. "Just for fun, to test the thing. I wished that a very good-looking young man might ring the front door bell. And—"

"Thanks," said Larry, grinning.

"Well, you are. No need to simper about it," said Mandy-Lou.

"But that was just pure coincidence," said he.

"Of course. But you wouldn't get Norma to agree."

"Well, try it again. Give it something really difficult, like flooding the market with nylons three-a-penny." He was frankly laughing now.

"No. I'll try it with something much more difficult than that."

"Such as—"

Mandy-Lou held the stone tight again and closed her eyes. "I wish that I might meet the one man in all the world—and that we might know—"

She remained silent, her eyes still closed, the long lashes lying on her cheeks. She had no idea, perhaps, how very lovely she looked, or what a strange appeal lay within her voice. She had had so many boy-friends, but she had never really been in love and she certainly had never met "the one man in the world."

The silence held until she opened her eyes, to find Larry standing very close beside her, rather pale.

"I—you—I wasn't sure if you were all right," he said uncertainly. Then he suddenly snatched the stone from her hand and threw it on the table. "Don't play with the wretched thing," he said.

Their eyes met, and so they stood, perfectly still, for a minute or more. "Mandy," said Larry suddenly. "You looked so lovely standing there. It was—it was as if I'd never really seen you before."

"Ready, Larry?" called the voice of Norma from the passage.

"Ready," replied Larry, shaking himself as though he had suddenly emerged from the gates of an enchanted garden into the ordinary traffic of everyday life. He put out a hand and rather tentatively touched Mandy-Lou's arm.

"I'm sorry," he said, very low.

"I suppose a man's only a man, you know. Forgive me. And don't ever stand there with your eyes shut like that again when we two are alone. Good-night."

Mandy-Lou made no answer at all. For one thing, the world was whirling round her. For another, there seemed to be literally nothing to say.

When the door of the flat had slammed behind the pair, she stood there looking at the little winking pebble that lay on the table in the firelight.

"How strange," she whispered, "how horribly strange. How frightening. I suppose I always did,

subconsciously, feel his attraction. But he was Norma's and that was that. But I have often wondered what it would be like to have him make love to one."

With a sudden movement she swept the stone off the table with the back of her hand. "You little horror!" she cried.

Then she had to spend five minutes on her hands and knees, with a torch, looking for it. Heavens and earth, if she were to lose Norma's precious luck-stone!

She searched and she searched. There was a revolting little widening in one of the floor-board cracks, and at the end of five minutes there was no further doubt about the matter whatever. The stone had gone down between the boards and was lost.

MANDY-LOU

panicked. What on earth was she to do or say to Norma when she got back? She got a piece of wire and tried rather ineffectually to fish for it. No good. Well, they'd have to get in a carpenter.

Unless, perhaps, Larry—
At the thought of Larry she found her heart beating in her throat in a lovely, languorous sort of way.

Oh, why had she opened her eyes just then? She'd never seen anyone looking so stark white as he did in that moment. And the things his eyes had been saying, looking down into hers. Oh, Larry—

Why had she been such a fool, such a fool as to play with that stone? Why couldn't these hateful

old Highland women leave these horrible pebbles where they found them?

Once again, with a cold suddenness, the bell shrilled at the front door and Mandy went to open it.

"Good evening," said a very charming voice. "Are you Mandy-Lou?"

"I am. Who are you?"

"I'm Norma's brother, Jock Stuart."

"Oh, yes, she was expecting you home from Palestine any day. Well, I'm very glad you're back. She's out to supper with Larry, but do come in. I'll make you something to eat."

She thought hastily. "If you don't mind beans on toast. I don't think they'll be late."

The dark, good-looking Highlander smiled at her in the most delightful way.

"Nothing I like more than baked beans," he said impudently.

"May you be forgiven," said Mandy-Lou.

"I was going to add that even so, seeing that we're old friends by hearsay, what about our going out for a little dinner?"

"Lovely. Come in. I'll just tidy up and put on my things." She paused at the door of the living-room. "I suppose you don't know anything about taking up floorboards, do you?"

"I'll try anything once. Or is this just conversation-making? Because, if so, do you know anything about otter-hunting?"

"You are an idiot. No, it's important."

"Tell me, then."

She got down on the floor and pointed to where the stone had rolled.

Mandy did so. All except that brief little interlude.

"I was annoyed with myself for half-believing it, when Larry rang the bell, after I'd wished. In fact, the whole thing annoyed me, because I'm not sure now whether there isn't something in it. So I hit the little devil across the table and it bounced on to the floor, and it's simply gone. It must have gone down through here—you see?"

They knelt side by side, peering at the little gap, and they were so close that she could feel his strong shoulder against her own and her hair, soft, gleaming and golden, brushed his cheek.

"Shouldn't be surprised if it is down there," he said at length. "Well, there's a silver lining to every cloud."

"Show me it. I don't see one."

"Well, you're a very charming person to kneel on the floor with."

Mandy-Lou rose.

"You know all the patter, don't you?"

"Are you pretending you don't?"

His smile met hers, and the two of them abandoned all pretence and frankly laughed.

"You're much too pretty," he said, "not to know all the answers. Norma told me about you, but she didn't tell me you were all that lovely."

"You're rather nice, too," said Mandy-Lou, "but reverting to this stone—"

"That stone," said Jock Stuart, "has, one way or another, caused more trouble than it's worth. I think it's time we put a stop to it."

"What? Leave it where it is?"

Please turn to page 13



Australian Dorothy Cottrell adds to her fame with this vital serial . . . a story of a young girl's love and devotion, of action and adventure, set against the gorgeous primitive background of the Caribbean Islands

THE reef, that had always been friendly, became suddenly alarming. Beyond it were other reefs, laced by green channels, and at the edge of visibility, where the channels merged with the Caribbean, a channel marker stood up like a Chinese lantern, smeared with guano and crowned by roosting cormorants.

The last of evening was on the channel marker and slashed as amber searchlights between the inter-twined reefs, so that where the reefs caught the level light they seemed fashioned of burnished metal, and where the reefs were in shadow the mangrove leaves reflected the second-hand gold of the domed storm clouds. The stillness was terrific.

Lillom went slowly across the swept coral to the door of the slab-walled, palm-thatched cottage, which seemed very small under the greatness of evening and silence.

Her thin, sixteen-year-old hands clenched themselves together and tears swam in her dark eyes; then she pushed back the shoulder-length mass of her thickly curled black hair and went quietly inside. No more could be done about the neat emptiness of the cottage. She must think now!

She was afraid, but she was not in panic. She was in great danger, but she had been accustomed for most of her remembered life to danger, and it was merely much greater now.

Swiftly she rolled a blanket and a mosquito net in a tarpaulin and collected matches, some cold food, and a small demijohn of water, for it would not be wise for her to continue to sleep in the cottage that was a place to which those who might come would be likely to come.

She believed that by day she could defend herself and the cottage with her grandfather's shotgun and the revolver that her grandfather had given her, but at night while she was asleep she could not be sure of this.

Her second defence of the cottage would be the deception, for so long as she could maintain it. Mean-

time, she must leave nothing of value in the rooms.

Stepping softly to the mantel, she took down the old leather money pouch, and tears flew up in her eyes again because she found it very moving that the purse contained only two notes of small value and some copper coins. It seemed very little, for all her grandfather's goodness.

Through the light that was becoming wine-colored, a small cat with a moth-eaten ear ran with quick, slightly sideward steps into the room, calling plaintively and arching its back questioningly about her feet.

Lillom knew that it was troubled by the absence of her grandfather.

She gave the cat its supper and comforted it by admiring its kittens, then she brought her "treasure box" from her room and her grandfather's nautical instruments from the great sea chest.

When everything that she must take was heaped on the step, she tacked a ruled sheet of notepaper to the outer side of the door and wrote in large block letters: "Crawfishing. Back Shortly."

Under it, also in large block letters, she signed: "Captain Mort." Doing this, she was crying so that she could hardly see, for it was not true.

Captain Mort, her grandfather, would never be back again. She had kissed his grey hair for the last time that afternoon before she filled in his grave under the three coconut palms.

She found it sad that when he had been so good they did not even own the palms under which he was buried or the sand that held his big and gentle frame.

The mangrove roots were like dark pythons in the twilight as she piled the things into the age-rotted dinghy, and only the channels still held color where their surfaces were circled and dimpled by the rising of fish.

No one was in sight, and it was probable that there was no human save herself within many miles, but she sculled rather than rowed, so that she might not be heard. Reaching the mouth of the Secret Channel, she wished that she had reached it sooner; it was so dark.

Then she drew a deep breath, knelt down in the dinghy to lift the mangrove branches, and slid the boat under them into the long, hidden tunnel. In daylight it was a magic place, but now it was filled merely with hollow darkness and small sounds—the clicking of exposed bivalves; the occasional dripping of water; faint flutters as leaves fell.

The air was warm and slightly stuffy, but once she was among the dark trees she felt suddenly safe. Groping her way with the long-handled sponge hook against the ranked mangrove roots, she followed the channel for a hundred yards.

Above her the mangrove tops met as a roof of leaves, so that only occasionally could she glimpse the prick of a star, and she knew that she would have difficulty in finding the second and tiny tunnel.

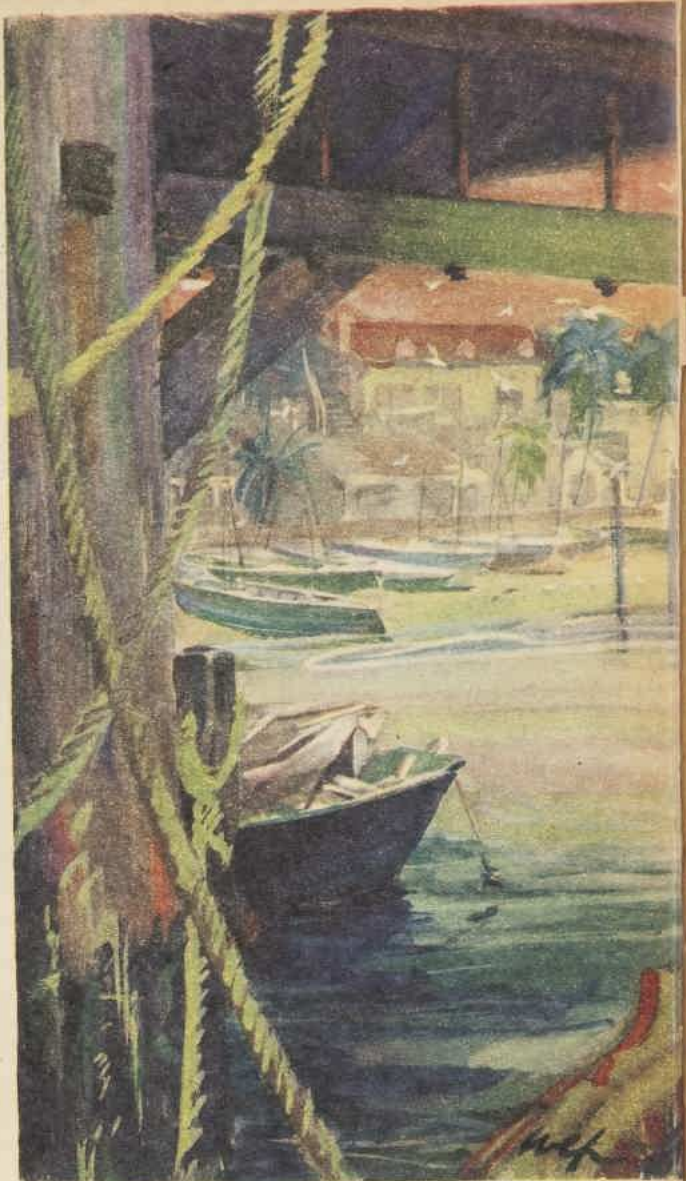
But she would not light a match. Now she was safely a part of the dark, and she must not destroy her sense of security.

When at last she did find the second entrance, she knelt again, and this time slid the boat along with her hands on the mangrove roots. Then the nose of the boat bumped softly and she tied the painter to a root, and made the stern line fast to a drooping branch.

The mosquitoes were bad now, and she swiftly stretched the tarpaulin between the low branches, then hung the net so that the lower edges dipped into the water about the boat.

Across the swamps, far thunder growled, and lightning, still so distant that it was merely an alternating glow, palely lit the gaps in the tree roof about her. Free of the need for haste, she had time for thought; back over the loved past and forward through the dangerous weeks until the young man came . . . if the young man came.

Her situation, alone on this coast, was a bad one. But she felt no reproach toward her grandfather for having brought her to this place.



My love will come

his carefully rationed two pipefuls of tobacco a day.

He had not known that suddenly for him the bright sun and the running clouds and changing sea would be gone, and he lying still forever on the floor; and she unable to carry his loved great body to its rest under the palms, so that she must turn him over repeatedly.

She had done it, gently lifting a mighty arm in the direction in which she wished to turn him, then putting all her young strength against his great shoulder; her lips whispering all the while, "Dear granddaddy! Dear granddaddy!"

It had seemed so terrible to have to turn him over upon the ground.

She thought that few people could

She knew why he had done it and that he had not meant it to end this way.

He had thought that he would know when his last illness began and had planned to send her to the Mother Superior of Santa Teresa.

It had been difficult for a man as much alive as he to realise that he would be suddenly taken away from the swept-coral yard and the little garden with the borders of pink conch shells, from the wharf over the green water where the grey snappers moved like ghosts, from



testily. "All right! All right! . . . Is this true, Captain Mort?"

"That was a short day," her grandfather said, his expression like an angry old lion's. "Corn meal an' coconut cream an' crawfish tails best food there is for youngsters!" he added. "Give 'em fish broth and they grow like young cormorants!"

"And what we tell isn't all!" Mrs. Crandel hissed. "He drinks!"

"On what?" her grandfather asked. "You can't have it both ways! Ain't a man yet solved the problem of getting drunk on a half-pound of corn meal!" He rose, roaring.

"If you're saying I starve the child to buy liquor, you're a liar!"

He turned toward the commissioner. "Look at the kid! Look, I say!" He pushed her forward, like a rose in her pink dress with her flaming cheeks and midnight eyes. "Ever seen anything prettier except a double hibiscus or a cabbage rose before the dew gets off?"

"He's set in sin!" Mrs. Crandel said. "As the child's nearest, I demand she be taken in care! . . . Ask him! Just ask him if he weren't under the influence last New Year's!"

"When I'm under, woman," her grandfather said, "I'm under more than 'influence'! But it was on mango wine I made myself and took nothing from the baby."

"And what if, in your drunken orgy, you burn her in her bed? What if all is found is her shoe buckles?"

"I ain't burned anyone in bed in eighty years, and I ain't going to start now! And—being only distant kin of yours, ma'am—the child has intelligence enough to take her shoe buckles out of bed on the legs God gave her if I did!"

The commissioner rubbed his hands over his hair. "Captain, how much money have you had in the past year?"

Her grandfather sat down again. His face was red and flushed.

"Not much," he admitted. "But I did some trade." He flared again.

"Money! Money! Money! I remember when there wasn't hardly any cash money to a person a year in the islands, but no one was poor, because men were still men! They wanted sugar? They grew it from their cane patch. They needed flour? They didn't go sneaking credit to the store! The women ground their own cassava roots and washed the poison out and made flour."

He went on, scowling, "From the flour they made cakes as thin as paper and dried them on the roofs and toasted them and spread them with coconut cream and poured syrup over them! And nothing that any man's eaten since was like them."

The commissioner said gently, "I think you may have something there . . . But times change, captain, and I have to act within the law. Unless you can show me that you can support the child, and unless you keep off the bottle, I'll have to send the child to a home in Jamaica. . . . Can you support her?"

Her grandfather said, "No business of anyone's. But if some law says I got to, of course I can! Half the ships in the Caribbean be glad to have Tiger Mort for skipper!"

The commissioner looked at Lillom. "Come here, child!"

She ran up to him without fear, and he put his hand under her chin. "Want to stay with your grandfather?"

have been so rich in love as she or could have had the happiness of loving so much people who were so wonderful, and she counted their affections.

First came the love of an old man and a little girl that was the first great love of childhood; then her love for the young man, that was a different thing, like the blaze of sunrise over the republic, almost too bright to look upon, or the words of the Song of Solomon that poured in singing splendor.

Both gave her warmth and strength in the darkness and loneliness of storm.

There were other loves almost as strong, so that, opening the little treasure box, she began to take out the things it held—a piece of mangrove wood shaped like a duck's head, a cake of soap with the wrapper frail with age, an embroidered d'oyley folded about a snowy heron's feather, a string of pink and cream beads cut from the lip of a conch shell.

The road to the duck's head had begun eight years before, when there had been reef knots in her pants on a summer day in the Lost Islands, and her grandfather had been summoned to appear at the bungalow where the commissioner lived that was called the Government House.

She had hoped that the commissioner wished to hear her own favorite story of how her grandfather, an American, had brought his great ship in to the islands for water, to see her grandmother's beauty and forget about the nitrate trade, remaining instead to become El Tigre del Mar, the most famous captain of Caribbean.

Her grandfather had put her into her best pink dress that was beginning to expose an improper amount of her dimpled legs, and they had had so much trouble with the buttons that they had finally to leave some of them undone.

But her head had been a mass of black curls and her cheeks like tawny poppies, while her eyes were so big and their lashes so long that she thought they looked like mangrove pools when the evening is growing dark and the bright brown water is filled with night.

Her grandfather put on his captain's suit of blue serge that was only a little too tight for his heavy-set frame, and his short, curling beard was silver against it, and they walked between the breadfruit trees and the little cottages to see what the commissioner wanted.

A negro orderly in a white uniform admitted them to a room that was painted pale green and had many books in it, and a gramophone and stacked records, and she wished that she could hear the gramophone play just once.

The commissioner entered uncomfortably. He was a big, rosy man dressed in khaki, and he was very fat.

He said, "Sit down, Captain Mort! Nice little girl you have." And she knew that this was not what he was wanting to say and that he was finding it hard to say what he had to.

Her grandfather sat down on the edge of a chair and held his captain's cap in his hands, for he had refused to give it to the boy.

The commissioner said heartily,

"You know you're eligible for the old men's pension, captain? . . . Technically you aren't a citizen, but you've been here fifty years, which should do! Only three dollars a week, but it helps out."

Her grandfather's loved face went red. "Pension be hanged!" he said, and stood up.

The commissioner mopped his face. "About the child. Neighbors say she isn't exactly getting proper care. That you haven't money to support her."

Her grandfather stood massive and mighty, and his pepper-and-silver beard quivered from the full folds of his throat.

"No business of theirs! Man's own business what money he has!"

By DOROTHY COTTRELL

"I'm afraid it isn't . . . Just how are you fixed?"

"Things have been a little near . . . times are bad," her grandfather said. "Bad times everywhere."

The commissioner mopped again. "No shame in getting old . . . happens to us all! Problem, what to do about the child."

"My granddaughter stays with me!" her grandfather said, and his great voice and his hands were shaking. She ran to him across the room and took hold of his hand.

The commissioner said, "The neighbors say you haven't been able to buy milk for her. Say her clothes are in rags."

"Something will turn up," her grandfather said stubbornly. He

got redder in the face. "Her clothes are clean. Strongly sewn."

"Granddaddy and I wash and sew them!" she said eagerly.

The commissioner looked as if this upset him.

"Bad situation!" he muttered. "Rotten business this!" He seemed more upset, and raised his voice: "Boy! Tell Mrs. Crandel and Mrs. Timothy to come in!"

The two women entered. Mrs. Timothy was fat and curled, and Mrs. Crandel was thin, faded, and mottled.

They were both women whom her grandfather had offended because when they had commented on her pants being repaired with reef knots he had said that she probably looked better in her pants than they did in theirs, and had suggested public comparison.

"Tell me what you found when you went to the cottage?" the commissioner said.

Mrs. Crandel broke into sharp speech. "There was the blessed lamb hitched up with knots and asleep between fish nets and a pilot coat."

Lillom knew the thought that her grandfather had given to what they should cover her with. She knew that her grandfather's pride was being pilloried by this revelation of their poverty. She cried out, "I like fish nets!"

"And we looked on the shelves . . . and do you know what was in the house?" Mrs. Crandel said. "Half a pound of corn meal! Not a stick else!"

"You didn't think to take them anything?" the commissioner said

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HI

The Roller-in-the-Aisle

Continued from page 4

WEBSTER put an arm around my shoulders comfortingly. "Now, now, now," he said, "stop crying, Bernice. I know it wasn't your fault, honey. Take a week off, dear. Two weeks. All on me. When you come back you'll be ready for the old job."

I shook my head. "No," I said. "It's no fun any more. All the laugh has gone out of me. I mean, at the right places."

"It's a living," Webster said. "So's a little place in the Valley," I said.

Webster looked at me. "You mean you're going to be married?"

"Yes," I said.

Charlie was waiting when I turned up, and he couldn't have been any more glad to see me if he had been a great big St. Bernard dog. He was tanned and lively and good looking. We sat down and he took some script from his pocket. He was very happy.

"Darling," he said. "I've done it." He took hold of my hand. "And thanks to whom? To you, for your wonderful help the other day. Your encouragement, your complete understanding. I tell you, I don't know how I've got along—"

He spread out the script. "This is going to kill you," he said.

He started to read. It always had been one of the secrets of my success to look away from the person reading, and I looked away now.

As it happened, I looked towards the door, and as it further happened Hutch came in. He was wearing his dark grey suit, and a hat, and he had a briefcase and a small bag. He sat down in a booth near the door and put his head in his hands. He had flopped. I was going over in my mind the events of the past few days when suddenly the noise beside me stopped. Charlie had finished reading. I came to, and looked at him, and he was looking at me.

"Darling," he said quietly, "that was the funniest part."

I tried to laugh. Nothing happened but a kind of a squawk. I tried again.

I heard Charlie saying, "Do you mean, Bernice, that you are deliberately trying to hurt me?"

"No," I said. "No, Charlie, I'm sorry."

"Well, so am I," Charlie said in a very loud voice. "So am I. Excuse me, I'm sorry. About everything. I suspect that we have not come to a meeting of minds. Naturally, people make mistakes. It's too bad I made one about you. I think..."

I got up. "Good-bye," I said.

"Good-bye," Charlie said.

As I was passing Hutch's booth I paused. "Oh!" he said. "Oh, Bernice! Please sit down." I did.

"I can see fine," he said. "Just fine. Thanks to you. Well, I saw Webster and he said it was all over. Now I guess there's nothing to do but go back to New York. It's all very puzzling. After all, I did all the silly things I was supposed to do. The clothes, and going around to those ridiculous places. And that peculiar woman. Why, when I got my glasses—in any case I phoned her this morning to thank her for her kindness and she—hung up."

"I know," I said. "She does follow the news rather closely."

"Yes," Hutch said. "Well, I was hoping I'd see you before I left. That's why I stopped in here. Just on the chance, you know. I wanted to tell you that I did my best to make up for the times I didn't recognise those people. I spent all day yesterday going around and apologising for all I was worth. To Gorman and Ballard and Ward and the others."

The restaurant began to revolve around me.

Hutch said, "I had hoped to make enough to buy a small place out here. Perhaps in the Valley, where I went the other day. Some place where I could sit down to work on my book. It would have been so pleasant..."

"The idea for the book was so lovely," I said. "A good old-fashioned cry in every chapter. And you would have been alone to work on it, all by yourself. I see what you mean, Hutch."

Hutch got quite red. "That was my original idea," he said. "But do you know..." He squirmed a little in his seat. "Towards the end, there, I was hoping—I was hoping that I might have been doing all this for you. I realise," he said quickly, "that we haven't known each other very long."

"Pretty long for Hollywood," I said.

"I guess so," he said. "And another thing I realise is that I'm no particular—ah—bargain, as the saying is. But I thought that as time went on..."

"Hutch," I said suddenly, "have you got that outline with you?"

"In my briefcase," he said.

"Get it out," I said.

"What for?" he asked me.

"Come on," I said. "Leave your things here. Al Vernon is our man and he's in right now."

In ten minutes we were at Colossal Studios and in Al's office. I had done a few favors for Al in the past, and we went straight in.

Three minutes later, Hutch was reading his outline. As he was coming to the end of it I had used up my handkerchief and had to borrow Al's. It was a laugh to end all laughs; I knew it was my farewell performance and I simply dynamited the dam and let the waters roll.

Then when I could see Al through my tears, I saw that I had him. He was laughing, too, louder and louder. When I could catch my breath I said, "Al, it will have them rolling in the aisles."

Al nodded, and in a way of speaking, reached for his fountain pen.

"You know," he said, sniffing, "Hollywood ought to do more burlesque of this sort. The industry has taken itself seriously too long. This one will not only have them in the aisles, Bernice. It will have them howling."

We had another laugh. Al said he'd huddle with Webster in the morning about the terms, and we all parted friends.

Hutch was mighty happy as we walked down the street. "You know," he said, "I was sure the thing would sell if I could just get the idea across. If I could just get somebody to start the laughing, the way you did it. Nobody else seemed to get the point at all. I believe they all thought it was supposed to be played straight, a silly melodrama. They didn't get the satire, I mean, the real humor of it. Don't you think so?"

I couldn't say anything. "But that's not the main thing," he said. "The main thing is that we've got the little place in the Valley. I hope. I mean, I haven't really asked you..."

Hutch stopped, and took me by the shoulder and whirled me around. "Hutch!" I said. "Right here on the street! After all, this is Hol—"

Hutch said: "There's no law that says you can't kiss somebody you love. Even in Hollywood, darling."

It was the first time I had ever heard that word used the way it was intended. No semicolon. Period.

(Copyright)

Interesting People



MISS BARBARA TOY

... success story

IMPORTANT personality in British theatre and screen world is Barbara Toy, formerly of Sydney. Her biggest success has been in preparing film scripts in collaboration with famous English screen writer Norman Lee. Together they did "Life Line," great Merchant Navy film. Play version of James Hilton's novel, "Random Harvest," adapted by Miss Toy (in private life Mrs. Ewing Rixson), will soon be seen by London theatregoers.



MR. G. M. MACKLEY

... tartan lore

ONE of four Australian Fellows of Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, Mr. G. M. Mackley, of Sydney, has been granted a diploma in history and elected to Fellowship of Scottish Historical Society. A student of meanings and origins of Scottish surnames, traditions, clans, and tartans, Mr. Mackley deprecates the wearing of cardigans other than bottle-green with a tartan. He says, "Those of any other color are traditionally wrong."



MISS GRACE ROBERTSON

... working for blind

ONE of first two Red Cross Field Force hospital visitors appointed for work in Pacific area in 1942, and until end of 1947 Director of Hospital Visiting in Victoria, Miss Grace Robertson has recently taken up appointment as auxiliaries' organiser for Association for Advancement of the Blind. In new job Miss Robertson will tour country areas forming auxiliaries to support Association's hostels and help build a new one at Ballarat.



"JOHNNY APPLESEED" is one of the collection of seven fantasy stories comprising "Melody Time."



CARTOONS only are used in "Johnny Applesseed," the quaint story of the development of apple orchards throughout America.



"PECOS BILL" includes live artists with cartoons in a story of the romance of a legendary Texas cowboy and his sweetheart.



"BUMBLE BOOGIE," a drama in cartoon, describes the perils of a frightened bumble bee who is pursued by flowers turned into musical instruments.



BOOGIE RHYTHM music played by Freddie Martin and his orchestra provides the background to the "Bumble Boogie" story, as the bee tries vainly to escape from his enemies.



BLAME IT ON THE SAMBA. Donald Duck, Joe Carioca, and the Aracuan Bird combine with live artist organist Ethel Smith in a hilarious samba scene with a Latin American setting.

Disney's "Melody Time"



"ONCE UPON A WINTERTIME" is a nostalgic episode, in cartoon only, of a boy and girl skater who join in a skating and sleighing party in times gone by. In typical Disney style, they are joined by forest creatures, who participate in the quaint fantasy. Frances Langford sings the title song, which has a haunting melody and introduces "The Skaters' Waltz."



DANGER threatens the girl skater and the little girl-rabbit skater when they ignore warning signals from their two escorts about the ice.



"LITTLE TOOT." An engaging sea adventure comedy, starring a mischievous small tug-boat whose boasting of his courage gets him into trouble. The Andrews Sisters sing the title song.

★ Walt Disney depicts seven separate tales within one framework of legend and music in "Melody Time."

Well-known radio and film personalities provide background music and several are seen in sequences which combine live artists with cartoons, though the majority of the fantasies are shown by cartoons only.

A feast for the family ...and less work for You!



COLD MEATS

"Imperial" Cold Meats are the delicious and nourishing foundation of a dozen and one tempting cold meals, special salads or sandwiches—toasted and plain.

"Imperial" flavour-sealed quality brings you that real "home-cooked" taste, and the energising food value of prime, selected meats.

Plenty of variety, too... try them all!

Trim—the delicious ham and beef... *Meat Pie*—a treat in meat... *Hampe*—better than ham... *Luncheon Pork*—an all-pork delight... *Camp Pie*... *Corned Beef Lunch*... and the favourite "Imperial" Corned Beef in the taper tin.

They're Flavour Sealed!

HOT MEALS

Ready to Heat and Eat

Tempting, complete meals of choice tender meats, garden-fresh vegetables, cooked to perfection by "Imperial" master chefs, and flavour-sealed.

A wide range to choose from... a meal for every taste and every occasion!

Braised Beef Steak Stew, Irish Stew, Sausages and Vegetables, Steak and Kidney Pudding, Beef Steak Pudding, Hot Meal Savourie, and many others.

Remember—ask for "Imperial" first.

With "Imperial" Export Quality Canned Meats, Hot Meals, and special delicacies, you can delight your family with appetising, health-giving and economical meals... and at the same time release yourself from hours of kitchen drudgery. Be sure to ask for "Imperial"—export-quality, flavour-sealed foods! Make them part of your regular meal planning, and get in good stocks for the Christmas holidays!

SOUP and Special Delicacies

Give your meals the perfect start—with "Imperial" flavour-sealed Tomato Soup—rich, full-bodied, superb!

"Imperial" packs Special Delicacies, too!

Viennas—tasty smoked sausages... *Pork Sausages*... *Beef Sausages*... *Pate de Foie*—the delicious and nourishing spread for sandwiches and savouries.

BE SURE
TO ASK FOR

Imperial

Export Quality CANNED FOODS



Wishing Will Make It So

Continued from page 7

HE shook his head. "Och, no! If you've got such a thing as a screwdriver, I'll be dealing with it while you titivate."

Rather surprisingly for a couple of girls sharing a flat, they had a screwdriver, and while Mandy-Lou hurried into a little pale-grey frock that matched her eyes, put her grey sheepskin coat over it, and perched a piece of nonsense on her head, she heard wrenchings and hammerings going on.

When she returned to the living-room, he was standing smoking by the fireplace, looking at a snapshot of herself on the mantelpiece.

"Doesn't do you justice," he said nonchalantly. "Here's the stone." He laughed. "Dear old Norma."

"I don't know," said Mandy-Lou. She was rather pale and her eyes had a bit of a "fey" look in them. "An hour ago I'd have laughed, like you, but—"

He placed the stone carefully on the mantelpiece and surveyed her.

"I do like you in grey. Be married in it, will you, just to please me?"

"I'm not going to be married," said Mandy-Lou, and once more that little dart of loneliness and pain went through her.

"Och, keep hoping," said Jock.

"I'll kill you," said Mandy-Lou.

"Let me tell you about the stone first. I said it was about time we put a stop to that nonsense."

"Oh, please," said Mandy-Lou tremulously, "don't do anything silly."

"It's all right. I'm merely raking up ancient history. Do sit down. I do like you in grey. I'll find you some orchids, just the right shade, to wear with your wedding frock. Sort of pinky-mauve, you know."

"How do you know you'll be there? Go on about the stone."

"I'll be there," said Jock Stuart. He met her glance quite seriously this time. He was dark and inclined to be pale, with very bright brown eyes, rather like the old paintings of his partial namesake, Bonnie Prince Charlie, the king of all Highland hearts.

"I wouldn't miss your wedding. In fact, I couldn't... very well."



"Just the same I'd feel a lot safer if I knew those termites were locked up in a tin box."

He dismissed that subject before she had time even to wonder what he meant, if indeed she needed to wonder, for a girl like Mandy-Lou, even as he had said, knows all the answers.

"Now about this stone. Our old Nannie gave it to Norma, once. And believe you me, we were all as sick of that stone as you are at this minute. You know, one can make oneself believe anything is so, if you determine that it is so. But I'm surprised that a girl like you should have been so easily convinced, just because Larry Marton rang the doorbell."

He looked thoughtfully at her. "Are you sure there wasn't something more you haven't told me?"

"You see too much," said Mandy-Lou. And suddenly, for no reason, she knew that there were tears in her eyes. He saw them, threw his cigarette into the fire, came across to her and put one arm gently round her.

"What is it?" he said, just as one might speak to a hurt and unhappy child.

Mandy-Lou never knew how she came to, but she found herself telling him the whole truth, her face hidden on his comfortable broad shoulder. He continued to hold her and once she felt him kiss her hair, also very gently and still as if she were a child.

It crossed her mind that it would be nice to have a husband like this, to hold one so tenderly when one was troubled or unhappy. Would Norma ever have that? Larry was devastatingly good looking, but supposing one were married to a man who could be as easily "plucked" as she could have plucked him, an hour ago.

She looked inwards, at the solitary rose that had been glowing with life so lately and smiled a little wise smile. The petals were falling... falling.

"Shall I tell you something, Mandy-Lou?" said Jock. "That stone was the pest of my life, because Norma was such a little ass about it. And one day, when I was about twenty, I got so sick of it, that I took it out one evening and threw it in the sea."

"You what?"

"You heard."

"Then what's this?"

"Just an ordinary calngram that I bought in the market one day. I didn't tell Norma right away, because I meant to do so the next time she went all 'Mary Rose' about the thing. Then the war came along and I forgot all about it, and I never gave it another thought, until to-night."

"Then... it isn't a wish-stone at all?"

"Nary a bit. That stone is at the bottom of the sea, unless a fish has eaten it, in which case it probably had violent indigestion and serve it right."

Mandy-Lou smiled. Then she began to laugh. Then she laughed until it seemed as though she would never stop. Jock joined her in the laughter. But he still held her and now it was with both arms and her cheek still felt very comfortable where it was.

They stayed that way for quite a while. Finally he kissed her, and this time not a bit as though she were a child. Mandy-Lou didn't try to stop him.

"Norma and the family always had a notion they wanted you and me to meet and fall for one another," he said at length. "I was determined to die sooner, because I like to manage my own affairs. However, as soon as you opened that door, I said to myself, 'Liddle, they win.' I intend to devote the next week to making you fall in love with me. I reckon it'll take about that time."

"The conceit of you," said Mandy-Lou. "What about that dinner we were going to have?"

"Okay by me. We needn't take long, and then we can come back here and just go on with what we're doing... if you agree."

"You put me in a very awkward position," said Mandy-Lou demurely. "It would be very rude to say I didn't."

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CRAVEN "A"
They never Vary!
CIGARETTES
VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

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CARRERAS LIMITED - OVER 150 YEARS REPUTATION FOR QUALITY

Gold Mine in the House

Continued from page 5

I FELT I should warn the doctor. "Listen," I said, "that man Morgan is no good. He's in all the rackets. I think he's in the bookmaking ring and I'll bet he could raise that much dough by telephone in no time. I'm going to follow him to see what he's up to."

"Very well," said the doctor, "but don't worry."

I knew just where to look for Mr. Morgan, in Bouchard's office. There was one middle-aged typist in the outer office, who didn't look up when I came in. I could hear Morgan's loud voice arguing with Monsieur Bouchard in the inner office, so I stopped and listened.

"There is Mister Anderson's signed offer," Bouchard was saying, "and there is his certified cheque, which I go now to deposit. Next I go to Mrs. Reeves and tell her the business is finished."

"But listen," Morgan was shouting. "I'm offering nearly half as much again, and there'll be something for you, too, if you can swing it."

"But to-day. To-day I get rid of this old house. Show me your money and I'll talk to you, Mr. Morgan."

I left quickly, slipped into the post office, and phoned Doctor Anderson at the hotel. He had just arrived.

I suggested that the doctor try to raise more money quickly.

"I suppose it serves me right for talking, after being quiet all these years," he said. "Still, I have an idea. Don't say a word. Don't be too obvious, and see what happens."

What was happening right then was that Bouchard and Morgan were crossing the road to the bank. I followed at a distance and crowded in among the farmers and hotel people who were doing business there. I could hear Morgan's voice once more, this time in the manager's little office. He was excited and shouting.

I stayed while the manager and Mr. Morgan put through several calls, then there was a period of silence. The manager then appeared behind the cashier's desk and picked up a rubber stamp. I left.

I felt a little sick about the whole business and I was glad I couldn't

find the doctor at the hotel. On an impulse I packed my bags and told Monsieur Charbonneau that I was leaving by the 6.10 train.

Morgan barged into my room wearing a huge grin at about four in the afternoon and waved the deed to Corbett's Folly in my face.

"You keep your mouth shut about this," he said, "and I'll do right by you. This stuff ought to be clear of income tax if nobody talks. You'll cut in for a nice piece and if the doctor says anything, well, he's not too young, anyway—"

"Get out," I said.

Young Charbonneau drove me to the train. He congratulated me at my luck in fishing and hoped I would come up again for the skiing season. I wasn't interested.

Just as the train was pulling out of the station, though, I sat up. Dr. Anderson had just boarded it at the last moment, with a very attractive brunette of about 25. The rimless specs were gone and he looked very, very happy.

"Hello, there," he greeted me. "Meet my daughter, Mrs. Reeves. Edna, meet a young man who shared my table at the Chateau and who was very helpful in the recent sale of Morgan's Folly."

"How do you do?" Edna said sweetly.

"Morgan's Folly!" I exclaimed.

"Oh, Morgan's and a lot of other people's," Anderson said. "I told you that house was a gold mine. I hope Mr. Morgan doesn't do too much damage before the place is sold for taxes again."

"Well," I said, "you're quite some psychiatrist."

"Not exactly a psychiatrist—just a psychologist," Anderson explained. "I hold a degree in advertising and sales psychology from the Kut-Price Correspondence College, but I must say that the most useful knowledge I ever gained was from a former cell mate of mine, an ex-prospecter."

"And what was that?" I asked.

"The easiest sheep to fleece is the one that holds the shears."

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ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.



Give her Charmosan this Xmas

Choose this attractive Charmosan Gift Set containing Charmosan face powder, creme Charmosan and Charmosan perfume. A complete set ready for presentation.

New perfumes exclusive to Charmosan: Channel, Gardenia, Bouquet des Fleurs in 2-dram fancy bottles.

CHARMOCHAN



Christmas

'GOOD MORNINGS'

BEGIN WITH

Gillette

Treat the gentleman handsomely and surprise him with a Gillette! It's the finest razor money can buy, quite regardless of the price you pay. Streamlined efficiency — luxury service — the world's best shave every day of the year! Every man, everywhere, likes a Gillette. (Prices range from 4/8 to 39/9).

SET No. 27—Gillette heavyweight razor, and a packet of 5 Blue Gillette Blades, in an attractive moulded case with a cream lid and blue base. A most popular model, priced at 7/3.



SET No. 15—the famous Gillette 'Aristocrat'. A one-piece razor, heavily Rhodium-plated, in a velvet-lined, nickel-plated case which is suitable for engraving. Plus 10 Blue Gillette Blades in a plated blade-holder. Price, 39/9.



SET No. 77—Gillette razor with two blade-holders, and 3 Blue Gillette Blades, complete in walnut moulded case with decorative domed lid, priced at 7/3.



SET No. 48—the Gillette 'Aristocrat Junior'. A light-weight model of the famous one-piece razor, contained in an ivory-toned moulded case, with 5 Blue Gillette Blades and two blade-holders, priced at 18/-.



Gillette

THE PERFECT PRESENT
FOR A MAN



CLUB ATMOSPHERE is noticeable in Discharged Servicemen's Handcraft Centre at Red Cross House, Sydney, when morning tea is handed round and men leave their hand-weaving looms to exchange the news of the day, discuss their work.

RED CROSS HANDCRAFTS



INTENT on weaving a scarf, John Langsdin, of Bellevue Hill, bites his tongue as he concentrates.

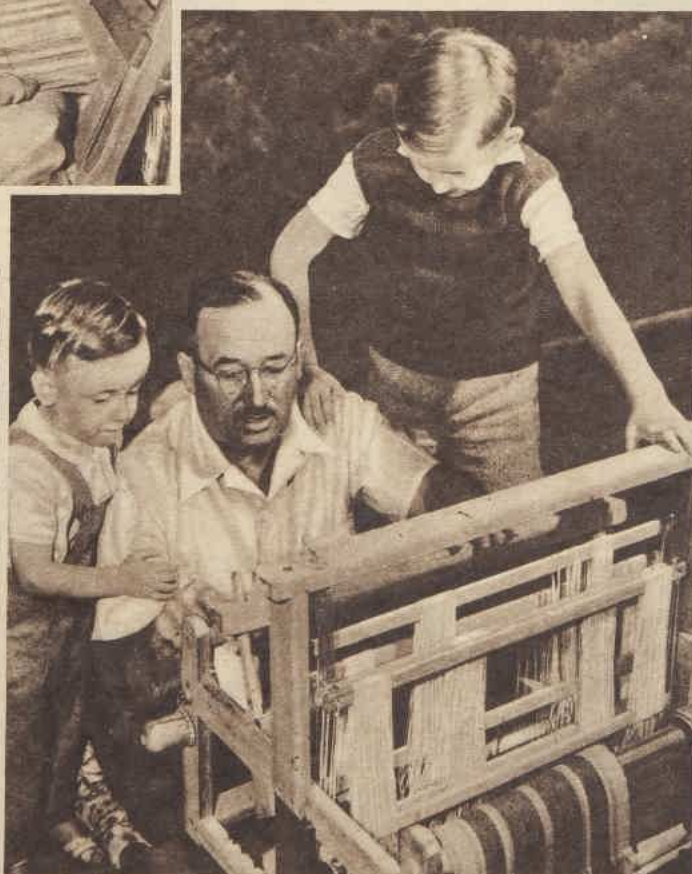
IN all States the Australian Red Cross teaches handcrafts to discharged servicemen as an important part of their rehabilitation. The Discharged Servicemen's Handcraft Centre, at Red Cross House, Sydney, has 500 men on its books. If men are not strong enough to come to the Centre they are taught their craft at home. About 100 country men learn by correspondence. Proceeds of their work help by supplementing pensions. Red Cross needs funds to maintain its services. The handcraft service costs more than £15,000 a year in New South Wales alone and Red Cross Day will be held on December 3 in that State.



ORDER for an out-size basket means a busy time for Barrington Walbutton, of Ryde, N.S.W. Basket work has ready market.



BLOCK-PRINTING by hand interests Mr. J. Day, Bondi, and ex-Awas Tara Small, of Wahroonga.



WORK AT HOME for Ken Leslie, of Wahroonga, who explains his loom to his sons, "Joadie" and Murray. When war service affected Mr. Leslie's health he gave up his farm and took to weaving, which he enjoys thoroughly.



SHAPING vase on the potter's wheel is pleasure for William Merchant, of Kingsford, who is a regular visitor to the Centre.

Announcing

ROGER & GALLET'S NEW

Fleurs D'Amour

SERIES

FLEURS D'AMOUR . . . in English "Love Flowers" . . . is a perfume as lovely as its name. Just in time for Christmas, an exciting new range of fragrant FLEURS D'AMOUR products has been made available to chemists and stores throughout Australia. Choose your "special" Christmas presents from the FLEURS D'AMOUR suggestions below.

FLEURS D'AMOUR perfume by Roger & Gallet. Large bottle, 12/6. Miniature bottle, 4/6



FLEURS D'AMOUR casket by Roger & Gallet, containing one bottle of Talcum Powder, one cake of perfumed Soap, one large bottle of Perfume.



FLEURS D'AMOUR Dusting Powder by Roger & Gallet—8/6.



FLEURS D'AMOUR Talcum Powder by Roger & Gallet—4/6.



FLEURS D'AMOUR Skin Perfume by Roger & Gallet—9/- bottle.



FLEURS D'AMOUR Face Powder by Roger & Gallet in rachel, dark rachel, naturelle, peach, sunblond and sunbrunne—4/6 box.



FLEURS D'AMOUR Toilet Soap by Roger & Gallet packed in box of 3 cakes.

ROGER & GALLET

Makers of Jean Marie Farina Eau-de-Cologne

PARIS • SYDNEY • NEW YORK

Marquess of Milford Haven is super salesman



IN NEW YORK, the Marquess of Milford Haven dines at El Morocco night-club with American actress Lynn Merriek (left) and Mary Damon.

But could not sell a radiator to his cousin, the Duke of Edinburgh

By ANNE MATHESON of our London staff

When the third Marquess of Milford Haven, O.B.E., D.S.O., R.N., 29-year-old cousin of the King and best man to the Duke of Edinburgh, resigned his commission in the Navy to be a radiator salesman, he slipped easily into the neat pin-striped suit and bowler of Civvie Street.

He slipped just as easily into a line of sales talk that is already netting Britain thousands of much-needed dollars.

FOR the young Marquess took his titles, his unruffled charm, and his "line" to America, where a combination of all three made his job of selling a central-heating gadget in a land breathless with central heating a walkover.

Now his boss is so pleased with the Royal results that the next assignment for the Marquess is to be the Commonwealth of Australia.

"David's dead keen to get back to Australia as soon as his American trip is over," the managing director of Hursel, Ltd., said, "but I don't know definitely how soon he'll be there."

With no cynical approach to salesmanship, Lord Milford Haven tackled his job of selling central-heating radiators, refrigerators, and other products of Hursel with boyish enthusiasm.

The first person on whom he tried

out his salesmanship was Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh. Straight up to Buckingham Palace went the Marquess to try a "trick" on cousin Philip he'd learned from his father.

"And that was my only failure," the Marquess told me.

"I slip a piece of wire with a large Hursel tag attached through the buttonhole of the prospective client—or, if it is a woman, catch it on to a button or piece of jewelry," he said.

"While my 'victim' is trying to get it off, I put over my sales talk, and—well—just keep talking."

"Philip was too quick for me. He had it off before I could get started," the Marquess said.

His spirits were low as he left the Palace, his tricky sales act foiled by the first customer.

Viscount Mountbatten, however, soon had the young salesman full of confidence again, for it took Lord Louis 13 hours to remove the Hursel label dangling from his admiral's uniform in spite of all the Mountbatten ingenuity.

Prince Bira, of Siam, a great friend of Lord Milford Haven and sharing his love of tricky gadgets, was the third victim.

The racing prince wore his tag for twelve hours.

The Royal salesman worked hard during his "apprenticeship" days, learning the tricks of the radiation trade, and the art of selling.

The business for

Talented friends

THE Marquess of Milford Haven has always been drawn to people with talent—young actors, artists, film stars, writers, and journalists.

There are few young reporters in Fleet Street by whom Lord Milford Haven is not known and liked. As a member of the "Thursday Club," for which he was put up by Prince Philip, David Milford Haven lunches once a fortnight with the young bloods representing the wit and talent of arts and letters in London.

which he is expert manager, and of which he is one of the directors, is in Regent Street, London, with a wide shopfront and a spacious showroom thronged with customers.

Out of its busy doors after a short session with the Marquess, contented customers depart, if not with a radiator then with some kitchen or bathroom gadget from the sidelines of Hursel.

Australian Richard Laidley Dowling was but one of the Marquess' earlier victims, passing through the swing doors into Regent Street, Hursel tag attached, and a bathroom fitting under his arm, which others might have had wrapped.

Across the Atlantic work comes much more easily to the Royal salesman. In Britain Debut's and directors' fees have a close affinity, but a title, and particularly a Royal one, is likely to be an encumbrance when it comes to door-to-door trading.

America's secret yen for titles, however, paved the way to prosperity and a much gay life for the Marquess. His generous expense account, a good salary, and promise of a bonus on business, gave him an independence which he is enjoying.

"Don't worry if he's pictured in a different night-club every night, with a different girl," says his boss. "He's probably talking business all the time. Girl friends can help a salesman get his orders."

General manager G. A. Ridley said: "We don't care a brass farthing for the stories. Lord Milford Haven was given this job to repay a good turn his father, the second Marquess of Milford Haven, did me."

Lord Milford Haven isn't the Mountbatten to go into trade. David is following in his naval father's footsteps.

A director of a much larger firm of refrigerator makers, his father did business with Mr. Ridley, and "behaved like the gentleman he always was."

"Now he's dead, I'm going to look after his boy," says Mr. Ridley.

The new job is by no means a "get rich quick" one, but for the Marquess, used to living on his naval pay, a small allowance from his uncle, Viscount Mountbatten, and the interest on his modest investments, it seems like a fortune.



BUSINESS MAN, the handsome 29-year-old Marquess as a civilian, photographed recently at Kensington Palace, where he stays with his grandmother, Princess Louise, when he is in London.

Lord Milford Haven makes no secret of the fact he is a penniless peer, with the last of the Milford Haven estates sold a year ago. What little money he has from legacies he sent to Australia, where it is invested in sound stock, paying small dividends.

All in all, with the £26 a month Lord Louis allowed him and Prince Philip while they were young lieutenants in the Navy, David Milford Haven had little more than a thousand pounds a year.

With a naval career and nothing more costly than his Cocker spaniel, Simon, to keep, it was a tidy income for a young man around town.

Free laundry

LIVING with his grandmother, Princess Louise, at Kensington Palace, board, lodging, laundry, and other sundries cost him nothing.

Running an inexpensive car, and cycling when his petrol ration ran out, cost very little.

He could have continued his naval career and social life in the Court circle—and out of it—and never have felt the pinch, particularly if he married an heiress. It was tipped he would marry one or other of the many eligible young women.

Princess Margaret, most eligible of them all, was one mentioned. In London society hostesses clamor for his company, but not half as often and vainly as match-making mamas.

For the Marquess is a good catch by most standards, even without his Royal blood. He is good-looking, gentle, and boyish, with a quick appreciation of wit.

Gay, carefree, and distinguished in his naval career (he has the O.B.E. and D.S.O.), well informed on world affairs, though too shy to put his point of view, he is very close to his Uncle Dickie (Lord Louis), to whom he is devoted, and to cousin Philip, turning to both for help and advice.

There is no doubt that in changing his career he had the Mountbatten blessings, for there is one thing certain—he would never go against the family in such a serious matter as his career, marriage, or anything they hold important.

Milford Haven's boss started work as a 6d-a-week joiner apprentice, and of his junior salesman he says, "Well, America's a playground by night, but a factory by day."

"The boy is learning the hard way, and as long as the orders keep rolling in we're quite happy."

"It's business before pleasure with David. While flamboyant columnists splash his name around with first this loss, then that Society lovely, and the Press agents for Broadway girls get busy on their clients' publicity, the Marquess keeps on marketing his radiators."

"Oil-burning or electric, for isolated farms or New York penthouses, in ones or twos, or batches of hundreds for the Army, it's sign on the dotted line."

The Mountbatten family, which gave us a war leader and a Prince Consort, now gives Britain a super-salesman with an inventive brain and progressive policy.

A nation of shoppers, Britain needs her super-salesmen in this hour of economic need.



NAVAL MAN, the Marquess, with his spaniel Simon, photographed last year when he was still a lieutenant in the Royal Navy.

GOOD NEWS

ON January 1, The Australian Women's Weekly will share with other publications the lifting of newsprint rationing, which has been in force for nine years.

A year ago, because of the dollar shortage and production difficulties in sterling areas, newsprint rationing even more severe than in the war years was introduced.

This meant drastic curtailment of our services to readers, who, we are happy to say, showed the warmest sympathy.

They wrote to us in large numbers expressing appreciation of our efforts to produce a paper that was still well balanced—informative, entertaining, and helpful.

Lifting of restrictions has been made possible by increased supplies of newsprint from sterling areas. Dollar restrictions are still in force.

The increase makes it possible for us not only to produce a larger Weekly, but also to print it on paper of superior quality.

Favorite features which have been dropped can be restored, and those cut down can be put back to former size, giving a wider variety of fiction, news features, pictures, and services, which reflect the many interests of modern women.

The Australian Women's Weekly, when enlarged, will help to build up prosperity and employment in Great Britain as well as providing our readers with a bigger and brighter national weekly.



"We'd like to donate a donor."

WORTH Reporting

WHEN a man says that a woman can talk for several minutes without drawing breath, he is usually being uncomplimentary.

But there are two men in Sydney who are very proud of the fact that a class of girls manages to speak with machine-gun rapidity, without gasping for air.

They are Mr. K. C. Roughley, Lecturer in Accountancy and Speech Training at Ultimo Technical College, and Mr. R. C. Corish, who is in charge of the Secretarial Day School.

We visited this class of girls one day and listened-in for a while.

Average age of the class was 18. "Speech," says Mr. Roughley, "is most important now. Employers want girls who have pleasant voices, who make a good impression over telephones and in conversation."

We saw the girls go through a series of facial exercises, extremely funny to watch. They pouted, moved their jaws sideways, up and down and forward.

Everyone looked serious and intent, although Mr. Roughley told us afterwards that he finds it hard not to laugh.

"Ruth," said Mr. Roughley to a pupil, "please place a gag between your teeth and read a few paragraphs from your book."

Ruth clamped a piece of pencil in her mouth and began to read, perfectly clearly. This method trains girls to use their lips when speaking.

Ruth then went through a speed test, timed by Mr. Roughley with a stop-watch. In one breath, she made 32 sounds in 38 and 3/10 seconds. Try it yourself one day. ("This," said the lecturer, "teaches the girls to make full use of their breath.")

Ann, a curly haired brunette read from a book while Mr. Roughley held a lighted candle a few inches from her mouth. The flame flickered a few times when letters like "D" and "B" were pronounced. It did not go out. This is designed to test breath control.

Most interesting of all to staff and pupils is the wire recorder.

At the beginning of the year pupils record their voices, and through the year make many recordings, criticising their own faults when the recording is played back.

Basenjis

TWO Basenji yodeling dogs, which Dr. and Mrs. Castleberg, of Wollongong, N.S.W. imported from South Africa some months ago now have a family of five pups, a few weeks old. Parents and offspring are to be exhibited at the Red Cross Market Fair in Martin Place, Sydney, on December 3.

These dogs are the only ones of their kind in Australia. Their most remarkable feature is that they do not bark, but yodel. They are the same size as a fox terrier and are a warm red color with white front and white socks.

The Basenjis have a very ancient history. The first Basenjis recorded were brought as presents to the Pharaohs from the source of the Nile. In the Egyptology Department of the British Museum there are records dating back to 2300 B.C.

To-day, in the Belgian Congo, 20 hunting spears are paid for a good Basenji, while two spears and a dog are considered fair exchange for a wife. There they are used for hunting, following wounded animals, and pointing game.



"It dumps you into the garbage, but—wow!—what a ride."

Princess' flat

PRINCESS MARGARET has now taken formal possession of a charming flat of her own in Windsor Castle, a flat that is appropriately reached through the "Princess' Entrance" in the ancient grey wall.

These rooms, which are on the first floor, look out over the gardens to the Thames, and indeed command such a lovely view that Queen Victoria often used them in preference to her own State suite.

They are still furnished with her specially chosen pieces, which are mostly so pretty that Princess Margaret is keeping them.

Sofas and chairs are upholstered in deep cream corded satin embroidered in natural-colored flower motifs, and the fitted china cupboard and bookshelves are also painted cream, with matching posies.

The Princess' personal treasures are to be installed in the flat, with new pink curtains in the sitting-room, and golden-yellow ones in the bedroom. The four-poster bed, in which Queen Victoria slept, is to be replaced by a divan bed covered to match the curtains.

From Cairo

MUSIC teachers Mrs. Leila Chalmers and her sister, Miss Vera Langley have left Cairo, where they had their own musical academy for many years, because Cairo, they say, is no longer safe for Europeans.

They hope to start pianoforte classes for children and adults in Sydney.

"We had quite a number of adults in our school in Egypt, and they were just as enthusiastic as the children," Mrs. Chalmers said. "We use a very personal method, and believe in our students giving concerts to conquer stage fright quite early in their training."

Mrs. Chalmers, who holds the Diploma of the State Academy of Berlin, had as one of her earliest pupils the blind Greek pianist, Mr. George Themelis, who is now playing in London over the B.B.C.

When he first joined her school she spent three months learning braille so that she could help him with piano lessons.

The sisters never have any trouble getting children of six or seven interested in their practice.

"We teach them theory by fairy tales," Miss Langley said. "The note 'C' is the bad king with a stick through his head, and 'F' is the Princess Fabiola, who is very beautiful."

During the war Miss Langley organised and ran a concert party, the "Helioptimists," which entertained troops throughout Egypt, and among those who gave recitals was Mrs. Chalmers' daughter Jill, then only seven.

They had to leave Egypt because it is no longer safe for Europeans to live there," Mrs. Chalmers said. "In Cairo, many Europeans had been pelted with stones and dragged from cars by fanatics who resent the British."

Mrs. Kasenkina

EIGHT proposals of marriage were received by Mrs. Oksana Stepanovna Kasenkina during her three months' stay in hospital after leaping from the window of the Russian Consulate in New York.

The former Russian school-teacher, whose life story we published recently, is now able to walk with a cane. Her physician says she has made a wonderful recovery.

Her life story, which she wrote while in hospital, was sold to newspapers all over the world. The money has provided her with a comfortable nest egg even after paying hospital and nursing bills of nearly \$600 dollars.

Many friends have offered help and visited her regularly. Two groups raised funds in her name to help other refugees from the Soviet Government. One gift of \$800 dollars has been given Mr. and Mrs. Samarin, who, with Mrs. Kasenkina, refused to return to Russia.

The eight offers of marriage were among 303 letters received from all parts of the country. One came from a horse breeder in Michigan, who tried to further his suit by sending pictures of his horses as well as himself.

Mrs. Kasenkina has made no comments on the marriage offers, but is grateful for the encouraging letters she has had. Much of her time in hospital she spent studying English, as she hopes to teach school in America. She also plans to continue her writing.

A VICTORIAN engineer, Charles Raitt, has invented a dental compact. It looks a little like a fountain-pen, is made of off-white plastic. The brush is in the top. Paste is in a tubular container, is squeezed on to the brush through minute holes by twisting it.

Radio interference

IF you live in a flat and use a household electrical unit which is either defective or not properly treated, then it's ten to one you're blighting the lives of keen radio listeners in other flats.

Every time you use that unit, whether it be an iron, cake mixer, vacuum cleaner, floor polisher, or sewing machine, you create a buzzing noise in your neighbors' radios.

The Wireless Branch of the G.P.O. gets a great many complaints about this sort of thing. One of its technical officers tells us life would be considerably easier for all concerned if household electrical units were fitted during manufacture with a gadget which would make them interference-free.

"We'd be saved a great deal of work and there would certainly be fewer cross words between tenants in flats," he said.

"Some manufacturers turn out an interference-free article but others don't, and, of course, the average housewife doesn't think to ask for a guarantee that the iron or vacuum cleaner she is buying has been suitably treated."

"She should do so, because any suppression methods applied after the article has been installed in the home are not always efficient, economical, or attractive."

In England there are so many complaints about interference with radio and television reception that Parliament is introducing a new wireless telegraphy bill which will order owners to fit screening devices to any electrical unit which causes trouble of this sort.

Failure to comply with the order will result in fines of £10 for a first offence and £20 for a second offence.

IN Britain lately there has been a wave of thieving, which has included the stealing of curtains from private houses simply by reaching through the windows and cutting them off. But most surprising is the theft of three chairs from the waiting-room of the railway station at Bromley, Kent. People can't understand why anyone could want such uncomfortable chairs.

IT SEEMS TO ME

by

Dorothy Drain

MY mail last week contained a fat envelope full of application forms for the Western Australian State Lottery, and a compelling, unsigned note in red pencil saying, "Your gold is in the West."

The postmark was Adelaide. Evidently, though the South Australian Legislative Council has just turned down a bill for a lottery in the State, Adelaide citizens can fritter their money away as easily as the rest of us.

THE other day I was sitting at my desk in that gloomy frame of mind common to so many office workers before morning tea time.

I was pondering whether the day would be any more bearable after morning tea when a man appeared at the door, strode over to my desk, and began: "I have a small elephant . . ."

It turned out that he did indeed have a small elephant, only three feet high, arriving by sea for a circus, and had mistaken this room for the pictorial department.

But the day seemed a lot brighter.

HAVE you seen the published pictures of the new evening dress uniform approved for the U.S. Navy Women's Service, the Waves?

It is designed by Mainbocher, who should know better. The long navy skirt, the tailored navy mess-jacket trimmed with gold braid, high-necked blouse, and—worst of all—HEADADDRESS of navy felt trimmed with an officer's cap badge are as incongruous a mixture of male and female dress as one could hope to see.

But I can't better the comment of the friend who showed me the picture: "War and Peace—an unhappy marriage."

FRANK SINATRA has decided to build a \$700,000 desert resort. He already has a \$33,000 home at Palm Springs. His business agent told reporters, "Besides Palm Springs being too crowded, Sinatra didn't like the weather there last year."

Frankie didn't like the weather, Nor do I.
It is always hot or raining,
Cold or dry.
If the weather's never right for you and me,
It is worse, of course, for crooners, who, you see,
Look for moons
And endless fumes
And eternal balmy breezes
(Not a wind that sears or freezes).
But, like life, the weather's wrong,
Hardly ever like a song.
No wonder Frankie Gets cranky.

ANOTHER entertaining note garnered from the film gossip: Kathryn Grayson and her husband, Johnnie Johnston, are reconciled after Johnnie walking out. Kathryn said: "Johnnie was so pathetic, and even brought his laundry home to be washed. How could I resist that?"

We all ciffer, I guess. But I'm sure a lot of women would find the laundry easier to resist than practically any other overtone their husband might make.



Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, go with **COLONEL BARTON:** In search of flame-colored pearls. Also on board the yacht *Argos* is **BETTY:** His daughter. A new clue in their search for the pearls leads them to the Hungry Isles, situated in uncharted waters, where they are captured by a ragged pirate band. The

leader decides to keep Betty and Lothar among his band, but orders his men to carry the unconscious Mandrake and the crew into a cave on the beach. He tells Betty food is scarce on the Hungry Isles, and the prisoners must die. His men stand watch with rifles outside the cave as the tide begins to rise. **NOW READ ON:**



ONE OF THE TRAPPED SAILORS TRIES TO ESCAPE FROM THE CAVE--PIRATE RIFLEMEN DRIVE HIM BACK---



THE SAILOR DUCKS AND HEADS BACK INTO THE CAVE. "THEY'RE WAITING FOR US TO TRY TO ESCAPE," HE CRIES. "WAITING--TO SHOOT US DOWN LIKE CLAY PIGEONS."



"YOU CAN'T LET THEM DIE LIKE THAT!" CRIES BETTY. "GIVE THEM A CHANCE TO FIGHT!"--THE PIRATE LEADER LAUGHS. "GIVE THEM A CHANCE? THERE'S NO MERCY ON THE HUNGRY ISLES!"



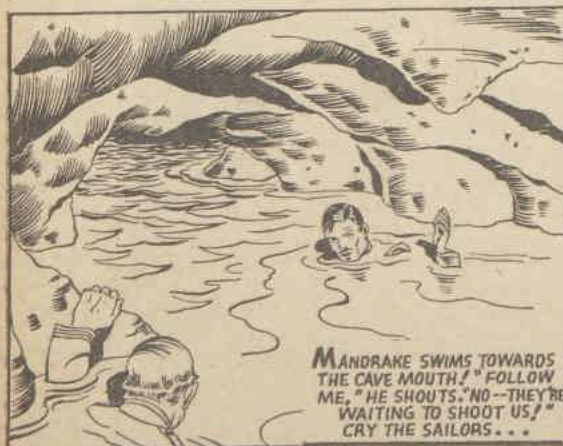
"FOR YEARS, I'VE AWAITED THE CHANCE TO ESCAPE FROM THESE ISLANDS, BUT EVERY SHIP WE CAPTURED WAS WOODEN--AND BROKE UP ON THE SAND-BAR! NOW--I CAN ESCAPE IN THAT METAL YACHT OF YOURS!" SAYS THE LEADER. --AND EVEN IN THIS MOMENT OF FEAR BETTY WONDERS--WHO ARE THESE PIRATES OF THE HUNGRY ISLES?



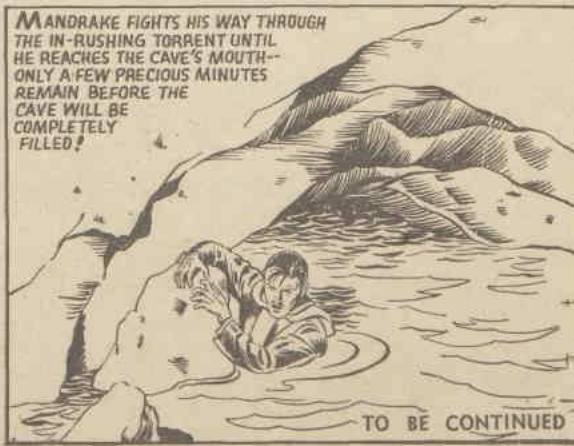
IN THE CAVE, MANDRAKE COMES TO! BARTON HURRIEDLY EXPLAINS THEIR PREDICAMENT. MANDRAKE SHAKES HIMSELF, TRYING TO CLEAR HIS HEAD....



NOW, THE TIDE RISES SWIFTLY--AND A HUGE WAVE POURS INTO THE CAVE--THE MEN ARE TOSSED ABOUT LIKE CORNS IN THE DEATH-TRAP!



MANDRAKE SWIMS TOWARDS THE CAVE MOUTH. "FOLLOW ME," HE SHOUTS. "NO--THEY'RE WAITING TO SHOOT US!" CRY THE SAILORS...



MANDRAKE FIGHTS HIS WAY THROUGH THE IN-RUSHING TORRENT UNTIL HE REACHES THE CAVE'S MOUTH--ONLY A FEW PRECIOUS MINUTES REMAIN BEFORE THE CAVE WILL BE COMPLETELY FILLED!

TO BE CONTINUED

TALKING OF FILMS

By
Marjorie Beckingsale

★★ Julia Misbehaves

IF Greer Garson had been given consistently good dramatic roles, we would not have seen her as a slapstick comedian.

But remembering the reaction to her recent staidy films, especially "Adventure" and "Desire Me," it is obvious that she and M.G.M. decided to take drastic steps to retrieve her prestige.

Just what they did can be seen in "Julia Misbehaves"--a broad farce.

Fans who pale with shock at such a volte face on the part of their well-beloved Mrs. Miniver, Madame Curie, Mrs. Parkington, and so on, will change their minds when they see the film.

It is an amusing bit of nonsense played with gusto by Greer and with equal aplomb by her co-star of many dramas, Walter Pidgeon.

Considering the story, I think that many other stars could have acted the role of Julia just as well as Miss Garson, but the basic fact that a famous dramatic star behaves like a clown will give the film its public attention and appreciation.

She has a bubble bath, wears tights, does a crazy acrobatic act, falls in a lake, and finally goes flat on her face in the mud, and that is the last we see of her.

Also she helps her daughter (Elizabeth Taylor) to a new romance, outwits an elderly wolf, vamps an acrobat (played grandly by Cesar Romero), and gets back her estranged husband (Walter Pidgeon).

Now that Greer has made her gesture of defiance, she can afford to flick her fingers at people who thought she was eternally to be shown wearing a bustle and a suffering expression.

The film is at the Liberty.

★★ Fame is the Spur

ENGLISH film "Fame is the Spur" does not emerge as a forceful drama in spite of the efforts of Michael Redgrave.

We don't get let down with a thud at the climax, but there is a gradual descent into deadly dullness.

A politician's disintegration as his career advances is too gingerly handled, though audiences will recognise the character of Ramsay MacDonald, which is so heavily suggested by implication and make-up.

However, it is a pleasure to watch the care Redgrave takes with his acting.

In his last British film, "The Man Within," he was unbelievably wooden, and in his first American picture, "The Secret Beyond the Door," he alternately under-acted and over-emphasised.

"Fame is the Spur" is curiously jerky in its action, using captions in the form of dates as a measuring rod to indicate the passing of time.

From slum shanty to the House of Lords is certainly quite an achievement for any man's lifetime, but author Howard Spring points a heavy moral.

Integrity weakens as ambition grows, and the end of it all is that a once-honest young clerk becomes a doddering old baronet.

No one else in the film is given much chance, and Rosamund John, as Redgrave's wife, shows us a muffled sort of militant suffragette.

She is quite outshone by Marjorie Fielding, a spinster whose politics are tempered by humor.

This J. Arthur Rank film is at the Embassy.

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OUR MOTHERS



BEACH GIRL Jan Richardson prepares to dip a toe into the water surrounding the fountain in the park.



"HELLO, LASSIE," say Wendy Russell (3½) and Edia Selwood (2) to dog that joined the party.



FLAXEN-HAIRED Judith Jones with her Scottish-born mother who says: "Life is good for babies here."



ONLOOKER Peter Lange came all the way from Gosford, and watches with interest other toddlers.



"SMILE, PLEASE," say at the reunion of D



GETTING THE "GO" SIGNAL from policeman on the beat, mothers and children stream across the street to restaurant where afternoon tea was ready. Mothers coped with toddlers, big handbags, wide-brimmed hats, still managed to look cool and attractive in fashionable frocks.

Party

● Parties are a Australian Women one of the best. hostess for mother

By two in the prettily dressed spend a few hours There was an end at children's quarters Jacob, who is a girl

Many mother and while their friendships, shook boys.

Since 1944, Sister Jacob has number of individual mail from all over far afield as India each mother by

MOTHERCRAFT BUREAU HOLDS A HAPPY REUNION



Many mothers who hold their children up to be photographed. Sister Mary Jacob (centre front) smiles proudly of mothers who all received pre-natal advice from her. Photographs by staff photographer Jack Hickson.

ty one of the best

always fun, but the outing arranged by The Women's Weekly Mothercraft Bureau in Sydney was the best. Sister Mary Jacob, sister-in-charge, acted as hostess to mothers who had received pre-natal advice from her.

The afternoon throngs of mothers and babies, all dressed for a summer day, met near our office to discuss their mutual interests were discussed. An entertaining exchange of anecdotes and laughter and quaint sayings. All this was much enjoyed by Sister Mary Jacob, a great lover of children.

Mothers had met before, when visiting the Bureau, and their children played these mothers renewed old acquaintances with Sister. Young guests included twin

girls, when the pre-natal section was established, Sister has given thousands of interviews, advised a great number of expectant mothers, and coped with a huge influx from Australia, New Zealand, New Guinea, and as far as India, England, and Holland. At the party she knew the name, and the name and age of every baby.



YOUNGEST BABY, Roslyn Impey, nine weeks old, peeps over her mother's shoulder for her portrait.



A REAL PARTY — orange juice, hundreds and thousands, cakes. Brian Chapman enjoys a cake.

STAMPING her small white shoe, Lillom said, "No one's going to take me away from my granddaddy! My granddaddy is mine! My granddaddy is good!"

"Sooner be with him, even if you don't get too much to eat?" the commissioner asked.

"I get plenty to eat! I don't like milk!" She was swept on by the magnitude of this lie. "I don't like lollies an' suckers! I don't like chewgum—"

"Sweet little liar!" the commissioner said, and kissed her burning cheek. He turned to her grandfather.

"You've given her something, if it hasn't been milk and sweets! . . . Still, the law's the law. Come back in a week and tell me how things are. Otherwise I've got to do what these women want, whether I want to or not."

"Bad women!" Lillom shouted at them, stamping. "Bad, naughty, goldarned women!"

"You heard that?" the women cried. "Profanity from a blessed innocent!"

"You pasty-faced sons of salt-sea cooks!" Lillom shouted at them. "You let my granddaddy by-lone!"

The commissioner looked at her grandfather. "You could accept the pension. With the pension, I needn't take custody of the child."

Tears of rage stood in her grandfather's eyes. "Pension be hanged! I've skippered my own ships, sir! Finest ships ever plied. Twelve-inch centres. Wooden-pegged and copper-fastened—"

"And at the bottom for twenty years!" the women chorused.

Her grandfather looked suddenly beaten.

"The hurricane—the hurricane!" he muttered. "No-weather reports in those days. Could have saved

My Love Will Come

Continued from page 9

them, but went to warn the other fleets—" He came back to the present.

"Charity!" he roared. "You can have your charity! It's not for me or my kinder! Go keep your puffing three dollars! Thousands is how I counted dollars!" He took her hands. "Come away, child!" He turned his back on them and stamped from the room.

Towed after him, Lillom knew that although he did not know it, the commissioner was their friend. She looked back to blow him a moist, flat-handed kiss under her grandfather's arm. She scowled at the women.

She went down the steps, swinging her feet out before her and talking about how her grandfather would be captain of a great ship again. Crossing the commissioner's garden, she saw her grandfather's boots. Always they had seemed very large and powerful, but now she saw that he set them down slowly and a little carefully.

Suddenly she knew that her grandfather was old and that his boots were uncertain. Such a flood of love went from her hand to his that she seemed to feel its current draining her of the first of childhood. She put up her curly head and was silent.

By the time they were back at their cottage in West Village they knew there was no job. She set the table, reaching high to place the spoon and fork for her grandfather and the little spoon and fork for her, and the one knife which they shared.

Her grandfather boiled crawfish tails and she brought in a Mexican time from the tree, and her grand-

father fried the cold corn mush to golden slabs. But neither of them could eat very much.

After supper, when he had washed the dishes while she stood on the fruit box to dry them, her grandfather went to the tobacco jar and poured out the small amount of tobacco it contained, considered it, and recklessly filled his pipe. Then he sat down by the hearth and called her to him.

She went to him on the run and stood close against his knee. He puffed for a minute, then put his hand down over her two hands on his knees.

"Looks like we're in a jam!" he said.

She said, "Granddaddy!" and pushed herself tighter against him. He looked straight ahead through his pipe smoke.

"Situation's this: You got to make up your mind. If we stay here, they're going to get you. Now think careful! Where they'd take you you'd get plenty to eat. Maybe you'd be adopted into some nice family with other children to play with. You'd have clothes and not be short. Maybe it would be best."

"I want you!" she said.

"I'd come and see you sometimes."

"I want us!"

"Now, on the other side, if it's that way, we've got to hit it's going to be to a tough place. We're going to be poor—poorer than we been. There'll be times when the pot is going to be pretty bare. There won't be other children to play with. You're going to live like a boy and we're going to live alone. A bad hurricane could drown us."

"But it's the only place I can think of if we're going to play it together. I think we'd make it . . . but we mightn't."

"I want us!"

"You're pint-size to decide, but you're my granddaughter, and I think maybe you know your mind. I hope you do! Now, for the last time, you mark! It's going to be hard. We won't have a house till we build one; first off, we'll sleep out. We're going to be on our own. You know what it is not to have things. You're going to have less. I'll do my best to educate you, but you won't get to school."

"We're mates!" she cried.

"That's true. I been trying to think what I'd have wanted, your age. I'd have wanted a good mate most. I hope God is guiding me right!"

"We're right, granddaddy! We're right when it's us!"

"Then we got to git going!" He rose. "You git to bed and I'll wake you come time."

"Can we take Tabby, granddaddy? I want to take Tabby."

"It's not much to wish to take a little cat!" he said, and brushed his hand across her curls.

When her grandfather had gone out she darted through the last light into the green cathedral of the forest that was growing dark, but where, high up, the wild almond fruits were like sparks of gold.

She called softly, "Michael! Michael!" And a thin boy of ten came to her from beneath the great mahogany where they built twig houses and made flocks of sheep from the yellow almond fruit.

He said, "You are late."

And it was only from his eyes, that were like those of a despairing animal that has done no harm and yet has been beaten, that she knew that his terrible father had "chastised" him again.

She threw her arms about him, making dovelike sounds of pity as she felt the weals through his thin shirt.

Then, running to the hollow of their tree, she brought out a pot of coconut butter, and, while he held up his shirt, she applied the cream to his back with a patting motion, because her hands were still too young to be deft at stroking.

As he tucked the shirt in again she stammered, "We are going away, Michael! I don't know where, but it is very far. You must not tell I told you, for they want to take



me from my granddaddy, but I had to say good-bye to you, Michael!"

The Bible is the literature of the islands and the majesty of the Old Testament is in their speech.

He said gravely, "I heard they did and I will not tell." He held her as she clasped the pot of cream between her hands. "Your grandfather is a man of great goodness. The Lord will preserve him and keep him alive."

She dropped the pot of cream and clung to him, thinking that tomorrow she would not be able to touch his wiry young body or comfort his hurts.

Looking up at him in the green dimness she said, "I will pray every night your father does not beat you, Michael."

"He will not beat me too much, Lillom," he said, and put his hand into the silk of her hair against the roundness of her head. "You are very little, Lillom; be very well!"

She promised, "I will be well and I will be good! I will remember all the things you taught me, Michael! How to bring down the almonds and catch the band crabs. I will remember the little houses you built for me, Michael!"

He said with sudden passion, "I will not build houses for anyone else!" He closed his hand on her shoulder.

"I will find you! When I grow up, I will find you if I have to look through all the Caribbean! I wish I had a gift for you, Lillom, but I have nothing."

A distant voice roared, "Michael!" The children clung together for a second with her face pressed to the boy's tattered shirt.

"Good-bye, dear Michael!" she said.

"Good-bye, Lillom! Remember, I will find you!"

The distant voice roared again, and they fled as small separate ghosts into the afterglow. She could go now. She believed that Michael would find her when he grew enough.

Her grandfather woke her when dawn was a steel-blue rim beyond the black jungle and the street lay wet with dew under the stars, as the cabbage roses and gardenias made still lakes of perfume in the night.

They left the cottage door unlocked and the table set.

"Can't take too much," her grandfather said, "or they'll guess. This way they won't start wondering till dark or looking till to-morrow. By then we'll give 'em a run for their money!"

They went under stars and sea grapes to the long jetty. On the beach, a bound turtle was sighing wheezily and fish plopped in the lagoon. Her grandfather picked her up in his arms, and she felt a moment of horror, as her head sank below the jetty, in knowing that she would never see the settlement again.

Then she sat quietly, with the cat in its wicker cage beside her, as her grandfather cast off and gripped the long sculling oar, and the boat began to move out across the lagoon.

The dark shore receded, dawn was a pale blue shine to the east, and over the Caribbean night was sinking. They felt the lift of the sea over the reef, then the dawn breeze had them, the sail went up, and the boat began to slide along the coast.

With daylight they were running

past thatch palm and jungle and the great beds of the wild lilies that grew down to the tide, and the scent of the lilies made the wind slippery. Then, rounding the northern point of the island, they met the full bounce of the sea.

Behind them the island became a forest bank, then only the mop heads of palms were above the sea, then the last palm sank. They were alone, running into the sun.

She asked, "How far, granddaddy?"

"Two hundred and eighty miles as the ducks fly. Five hundred against the Trades," he said.

As if his words had called them up, to the west, towards the island, a flight of white wild ducks flashed like polished snow in the blue. They were so purely white they gave her a pain in the heart. The ducks could still see the island!

To be continued



till I tasted
Brisk Lipton's!

Surprised?

You bet she was—didn't believe there could be a better tea till she tasted that rich, full-bodied Lipton flavour.

Housewives all over the country are changing to "brisk" Lipton Tea. Brisk? "Brisk" is the tea expert's word for the rich full-bodied flavour that comes from Lipton's skilful blending.

LIPTON TEA

Brisk flavour

NEVER FLAT!



L101A.47

It isn't the washing-up that wears the surface off your sink...



It's harsh cleaning



But if you sprinkle a little **VIM** on a soft cloth...



VIM's added cleansing power will remove grime without harming the porcelain

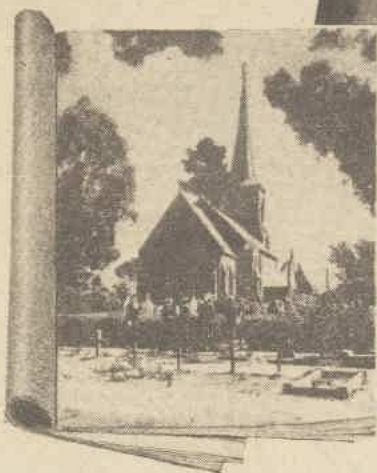




A.M.
THE AUSTRALIAN MONTHLY

reporter works as coal-miner at Cessnock

Why all the trouble on the coalfields? We sent a special investigator to find out. He took a job in a Cessnock coalmine and lived, worked, and talked with hundreds of miners. His report puts you right in a miner's boots, tells you what really goes on in his mind.



A.M.
THE AUSTRALIAN MONTHLY

"Freedom of Worship" —a special 5-page picture story on the religious life of Australia.

Two of the pages are in full color, one of them—illustrated here—is the historic St. John's Church, Canberra.



A.M.
THE AUSTRALIAN MONTHLY

gives you a beautiful color painting by Australia's Margaret Preston

This painting is given the centre spread—a full 17½ inches by 14½ inches. Suitable for framing.

Plus all these Big Features—

SPORT



● Full page color photo of Rinfre, winner of 1948 Melbourne Cup. Taken just after the race.

● "Puzzled Champion"—Tommy Burns discusses his attitude to fighting and to the spectators who have booed him in recent fights.

● "Never a Dull Moment"—Davis Cup captain-manager Adrian Quist's own story of the 1948 Cup tour.

FICTION



● Eight short stories—four by Australian writers.

● "Sophie Makes a Rebel"—by Norman Bartlett—is the story of a woman who betrays her lover, an Irish landholder, and turns him into a convict bound for Botany Bay. Illustrated in oils by Raymond Lindsay.

● "The Horse Latitudes"—by Ernest Hall—a rollicking, fun-packed story in the life of Crook Malone, a charter airline pilot, and his adventures in Iceland!

● "All in a Day's Work"—an Accident looking for a place to happen! Humorous Christmas Fantasy by D'Arcy Niland.

ARTICLES



● "Does Your Job Make You Sick?"—How a woman psychologist saves dozens of girls from mental break-ups by finding out why they don't fit their jobs. Many big firms to-day employ trained researchers to solve this problem of occupational maladjustment.

● "This is the Life," is a brightly written story of Bundaberg—Queensland's sugar capital. D. L. Thompson tells of high wages and high living standards enjoyed by cane-cutters, "poor" farmers.

PICTURE STORIES ● 14 pages of vivid picture-stories—many in full color—including "Dietrich—18 years after," "Defeat of a Champion," which shows the latest world middle-weight boxing bout in striking pictures.

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AT ALL NEWSAGENTS

The December

A.M.
THE AUSTRALIAN MONTHLY

ON SALE TO-MORROW!





NIGHT AT THE OPERA for Mrs. Eugene Goossens, wife of conductor of Sydney Symphony Orchestra who attends with her stepdaughter, Sidone Goossens. Mrs. Goossens wore white gown panelled with black lace beneath white evening coat.



CONDUCTOR. Franco Ghione, principal conductor and artistic director, chats with Mrs. T. H. Kelly and Mr. Nevin Tait (centre) at party in dress-circle foyer following gala premiere of "Aida."

At the Opera

★ Diamond tiaras, long white kid gloves, and dainty fans were a complement to glorious gowns and furs worn by first-nighters at the opera, which is now at the Tivoli Theatre. Permanent first-nighters of the season saw performances of "Aida," "Butterfly," and "Tosca" during company's first week in Sydney.



FROM SCOTLAND. Mr. and Mrs. Ian Macdonald snapped at party after first night of opera. Mrs. Macdonald is recent arrival in Australia, having come from Paisley, Scotland, to join her husband and make her home here.



FIRST-NIGHTERS. Mr. and Mrs. Marcel Dekyvere are permanent first-nighters for the opera, which is being presented by J. C. Williamson Theatres Ltd. at the Tivoli Theatre. Mrs. Dekyvere wore a black tulle frock beneath her white taffeta coat with Arctic fox collar.



YOUNG PEOPLE Rosemary and Dule Turnbull stop and chat with Judy Musgrove (right) at interval at Tivoli Theatre. All three were seeing opera for first time. Rosemary wore pale blue "shortie" American evening jacket, with jewelled buttons, over her floral frock.



CONGRATULATING SINGER. Mr. and Mrs. George Baldick and Mrs. Amy Scott (right) congratulate dramatic soprano Germana di Giulio, who sang title role of "Aida," at party after opera given for principals and first-nighters.



PARTY AFTER PERFORMANCE. Mrs. Ernest Lashmar, Mr. Frank Tait, Mrs. Jack Horner, Mrs. Frank Tait chat with Madame Ghione (centre), wife of conductor, at party. Mr. and Mrs. Tait flew from Melbourne to attend first week's performances.



LOVELY GOWNS worn by mother and daughter, Mrs. A. J. A. Metzelar and Jill, when they attend opera at Tivoli Theatre. Mrs. Metzelar covered her black gown with dyed ermine cape, and Jill wore oyster satin, featuring cape neckline.



ROMANCE. Tenor Raffaele Lagares, who sang the role of Rhadames in "Aida," with his pretty Melbourne fiancée, Peggy Montgomery. Raffaele and Peggy announced their engagement in Melbourne before coming to Sydney.



AT INTERVAL. Mrs. A. E. Rainbow and Mrs. Athol Tier talk with Miss Fanny Cohen (right), who has just returned from trip to England and America. Miss Cohen is headmistress of Fort Street Girls' High School.

A thrilling 'crocker' find — 3 tiny phials of Goya's perfumes — Gardenia, No. 5, and Goya Heather. Price 11/3



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PITFALL . . .



1 TYPICAL FAMILY in American city includes insurance agent John Forbes (Dick Powell), his wife Sue (Jane Wyatt), and their son. John is bored with routine work.



2 AT OFFICE, John hears story from agent MacDonald (Raymond Burr) of insurance inquiry into location of goods bought with embezzled money. Suspected holder is a girl.

CONTINUING his recent series of thrillers, Dick Powell varies his customary role of hard-boiled detective in "Pitfall."

He plays a suburban insurance agent, whose boredom with his quiet life involves him with a gang of crooks until he becomes a killer in self-defence.

His stupidity in hiding his adventures from his wife and refusing to notify the police nearly ruins his home life and career.

Lizabeth Scott and Jane Wyatt play opposite Powell in the United Artists release based on a book by Jay Dratler.



3 INQUIRY takes John to meet Mona (Lizabeth Scott), friend of gaoled embezzler. She returns goods.

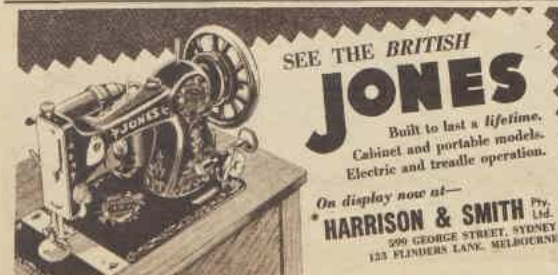


4 INFATUATED with Mona, John goes to her flat, and they are seen by MacDonald, who intends to blackmail her.



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5 BACK AT HOME after he has had fight with MacDonald, John is afraid to tell his wife truth of story and pretends that he has been victim of a hold-up during work.



6 TRAGEDY looms when man who embezzled money threatens John for associating with Mona, and John kills him in self-defence. Police blame John for not calling them in.

CROSSWORD CONTEST No. 18

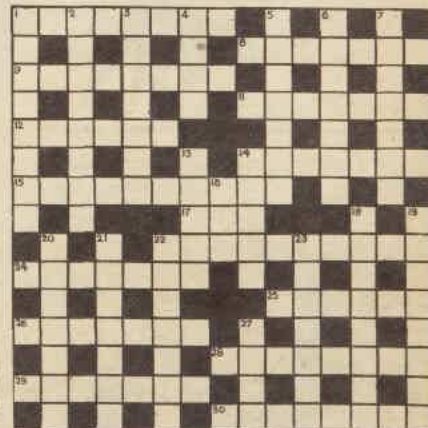
ACROSS

1. Lean on a ruler considering this (8).
2. Inset a flavoring plant for an Eastern cooling drink (7).
3. Illegal bookmaker backs the ice men as a sample (8).
4. Describes 10 "Oh, I'm turned inside out" (7).
5. Up springs the sea, comes back, and surrounds Sir Turner (6).
6. What unruly lads can discuss at Sheridan's School? (7).
7. Make clear to the sick to use pastry when turning in (10).
8. Should lose (anagram) (5, 5).
9. Makes Adam's boy suitable inclusion as leader (7).
10. Plaster for wounds used the wrong way by the company (6).
11. Exclamation about the east is not low, and not to use in the house (3, 2).
12. Advice to a young insect forbidden to marry his beloved beast? (8).
13. Noisy festivity (7).
14. The aversion of young Sidney when turned up by the flavor (8).

DOWN

1. State of madness after tea and in the same degree (8).
2. I fed ice (anagram) (8).
3. Emperor's skis are in new order (7).
4. What's wrong with four pecks to the bush at Christmas? (4).
5. The spice of Parliamentary authority? (3, 4).
6. Before long after is make believe (7).
7. It takes three or more to cut apart Alan (7).
8. The burning of cigars only inside? (8).
9. Shape of a garment (5).
10. Everything (3).
11. Cut's soul is disturbed by the richly sweet (8).
12. The centre to take Rose next to find oil (8).
13. It may be made permanent in locks, shortly, but in canals, for instance, will make a ripple (7).
14. Breakfast food eaten up by a Hollywood actor will make him rest about (7).
15. One article found in the thirty makes them all of a tremble (10).
16. How our cricketers might describe a match played on the Equator? (7).
17. Hon. John McEwen's electorate (4).

R.18, R.2, and R.22 will be awarded for first, second, and third correct solutions opened. Mark envelope Crossword No. 18 and address The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4055W, G.P.O. Sydney. Entries close Dec. 18, prizes and solution in issue of Jan. 1.



SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD CONTEST No. 14

ACROSS: 1—Sh/ail/oi. 2—A-big-all. 3—A-bom-nation (mob turned). 4—Obce. 5—Fie/ry. 6—One (snee). 7—Eat-rain (anag. len). 8—Menthol (hidden). 9—Ball-ads (anag. and). 10—War-bled. 11—Surge-on (ps turned). 12—Creek. 13—Anon. 14—Or-chest-rate. 15—Sol-omon (anag. moon). 16—Dignity (anagram).
DOWN: 1—Sup-pose. 2—Look. 3—T/u-it/on (not turned). 4—Anagram. 5—Dis (hidden). 6—La/r/e-si. 7—Am-out-ill-ado (anag. 201). 8—Nonchalance. 9—Car/t. 10—Share. 11—B/ask/ris. 12—Surge-on. 13—W/est/ed. 14—Dy-nasty. 15—S/c/um. 16—Hang.

PRIZES FOR CROSSWORD No. 14: £10 to Miss I. Cogley, Flat 4, 115 Young St., Cremorne, N.S.W. £5 to H. Hasler, Box 1919W, G.P.O., Brisbane. £5 to Miss R. Garratt, 143 Edward St., Perth, W.A.

Be Lovelier Tonight!

"LUX TOILET SOAP
ACTIVE - LATHER FACIALS
GIVE SKIN FRESH NEW
BEAUTY THAT MAKES
PULSES BEAT FASTER
... WINS ROMANCE"

SAYS

Betty Hutton

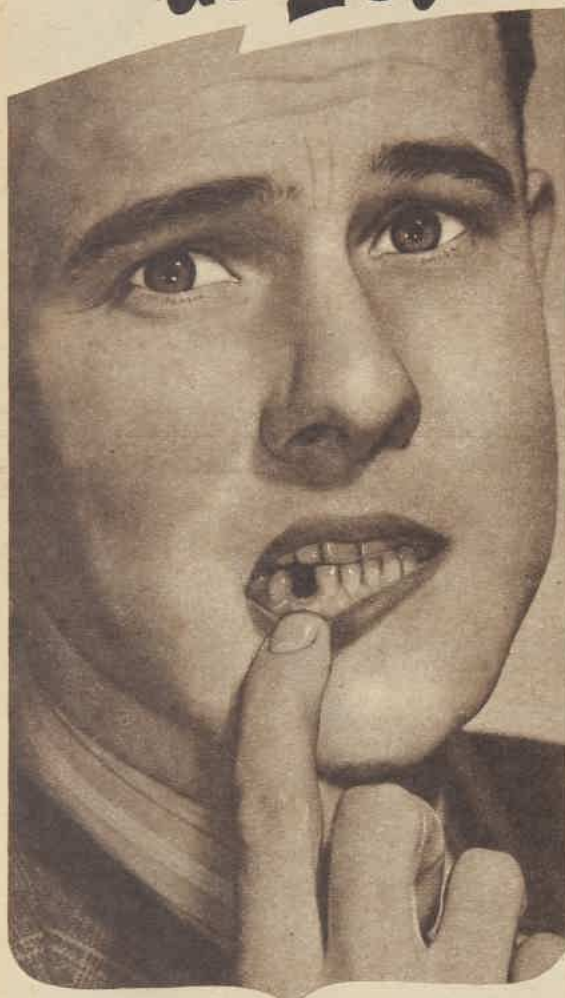
star of Paramount's
"DREAM GIRL"



The breath-taking siren in the off-shoulder pose is Betty Hutton. Her radiant complexion tells you her beauty care—Lux Toilet Soap. Try her active-lather facials yourself! Work in the rich, creamy lather, rinse with warm water and splash with cold. As you pat to dry with a soft towel your skin is softer, smoother. Take a daily beauty bath with this pure, white soap as well—it's the way to all over loveliness.

The Bath and Complexion care of 9 out of every 10 film stars

False teeth at 20!



Caused by a gum infection that S.R. Toothpaste might have prevented

No toothpaste in the world can prevent some teeth from being doomed. But if you use S.R. Toothpaste you can help guard against bleeding, infected gums — and it's those soft, inflamed gums that lead to needless extractions. S.R. contains Sodium Ricinoleate, often used in the treatment of inflamed bleeding gums and gum rot. Clean your teeth with S.R. . . . massage your gums with S.R. and help keep teeth sound and sparkling-white.

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HELP SAVE TEETH WITH THIS NEW KIND OF TOOTHPASTE



SR.26.142a

Dress Sense by Betty Keep

DESCRIBING a basic beach wardrobe for a reader has made me realise just how different beach fashions are this year.

Beach wardrobe

"COMING from the south to Sydney, I will be spending at least two months of this summer right at the seashore, and as my wardrobe has never included beach-wear I would like some advice about the latest resort clothes. I am in my twenties, with an average figure."

Cottons, printed in spots and stripes, heavy linens, and pique are popular materials for resort fashions. Pastels, especially soft pinks, medium blues, and lots of white are worn on and by the beach. The bare top dress with a bolero jacket or stole is a favorite "off beach" fashion. Dresses in this category are full skirted and quite long (around ten inches from the ground). Pedal-pushers are shorter than last season, and have practically replaced slacks; the newest shorts are smooth fitted and cuffed. Both pedal-pushers and shorts are worn with gingham checked, striped, or dotted shirtwaists. There is less bare skin showing in the latest swimsuits, and the percentage of one-piece suits has definitely increased since last year. Beach wraps are short and boxy, designed with a good back flare. A long, circular, or gathered skirt is often worn to replace a beach coat. White-strapped sandals or gold kid sandals (the latter the rage in U.S.A.) are the favorite foot gear. The bare-shouldered decolletages have encouraged the wearing of necklaces—large colored glass beads to match or contrast with the ensemble.

Holiday in Adelaide

"AT Christmas I am paying a visit to Adelaide and would like you to give me some advice on the type of clothes I will need. It is some years since I have visited the city, but I have a number of old friends there, so, naturally, I want to look my best."

If you are spending your holiday in the city you will, of course, need only city clothes. It's a good rule to have one representative outfit for each occasion. Essential would be a classic suit or dress for travelling, made of a crease-resisting material in a neutral color, and worn with dark accessories. You will certainly need one ballerina-length dress for teas, cocktail parties, and informal dinners, and have a pretty hat or hats to go with it. For general day wear have a one-piece dress in printed tie silk or in a similar material. It could have a dark background, and be printed in white coin spots, thus making it a perfect dress to wear with white or dark accessories. Number three dress, a shirtwaist style in gingham or linen, would be perfect for casual weekend wear. Be sure to pick a simple dinner dress, the type you feel at home in, for a dinner party in a private house. Lastly, take some sort of light wool coat.

Figure worries

"TWO figure faults which worry me are that I have wide shoulders and am very flat-chested. Could you suggest any means of disguise?"

Wide shoulders are definitely not a fault; they are an asset which sets

Although it is not possible for me to answer individually letters which arrive from every State on fashion problems, I try to deal with those of interest to the greatest number of readers. If you have a dress problem I can help you with, write to me, addressing your letter to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.



WHITE PIQUE or organdie makes a cool-looking contrast for brown rayon. Design is given in answer to letter from a reader.

off perfectly raglan, magyar, or dolman sleeves, or, for that matter, any of the soft, sloping lines so fashionable this season. A flat chest is certainly not so good, because current fashion demands a rounded, feminine figure—your own or an aided shape. A correctly designed and fitted uplift brassiere will help your figure; so will shirred bodices, vestees, ruffles, and jabots.

Underwear trends

"WOULD you please tell me the latest designs and trimming for underwear? I am just starting to make garments for my glory-box."

There's a lot of old-world charm in the newest lingerie and nightgown designs. Demurely flattering effects through puffed sleeves, ribbon beading, and drawstring necklines are used for the prettiest of feminine nightgowns we have seen in years. New and very modern is a nightgown made in satin or lingerie silk, with a net midriff section. Then there is the "shortie" gown. In this category the nightgown is generally styled with a lace-trimmed yoke and tiny lace-trimmed sleeves, the skirt of the gown reaching just below the knees. Bed-jackets, too, show a feminine tendency, may have wide, flowing sleeves and full, peignoir-inspired lines. One I saw and particularly liked was made in chiffon with a smocked yoke, back and front, and smocking at the border of the three-quarter-length sleeves. Petticoats and petticoat slips are lace trimmed or scalloped and appliqued. They are designed with both straight and bias-cut skirts. Panties are fitted and brief, with self ruffles, lace and net trims.



There's a new, rich-warm shade in Pond's Dreamflower Face Powder specially for you

Whether you're blonde, brunette or redhead . . . your complexion will be glowing with new warmth this Summer. Pond's have made all of their six new shades of Dreamflower Face Powder in the new rich-warm tones. Discovering the shades specially made for your colouring will be an exciting adventure in beauty.

"Dark Rachel"—To give your complexion a liting new warmth and radiance.

"Brunette"—As smart as a Fifth Avenue store—as new as the new season's fashion shades.

"Mocha"—The rich, new, tawny toning to glorify your suntan.

"Peach"—A new, wickedly flattering peach-tinted powder for brunettes or blondes.

"Rachel"—Sweet as a dream, this new Pond's shade gives a flatteringly warm overtone to fair complexions.

"Camellia"—The delicate pinky tone to spin a veil of radiant flattery over your skin.

At all chemists and stores
1/8 per box

ANNOUNCEMENT



PTY. LTD.

Our advertisement in the Women's Weekly, of 30th October, 1948, contained, in error, the old price of Herco Products. As this company instituted its first price rise in 15 years on the 10th October, 1948, we now advise the prices are not as stated, but are:

3oz. bottle 2/- doz. bottle 3/3
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The throbbing nerve-racking pains of neuritis, rheumatism, sciatica and lumbago are caused by minute uric acid crystals which irritate and inflame the nerve centres. Until the excess acid is expelled the pain will continue. Merely deadening the pain is no use. TAKE 1 OR 2 RHU PILLS WITH WARM WATER AT BEDTIME and GET RID of the acid and impurities that are the basic cause of your trouble.

SMALL SIZE 1/4. ECONOMY SIZE 2/6

RHU PILLS

TOMORROW YOU'RE RIGHT!

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Fashion FROCKS

READY TO WEAR OR CUT OUT READY TO MAKE

"GWENDOLINE" and "MARIA."—A mother-and-daughter set made of pretty floral rayon trimmed with white pique. The colors include rose, aqua, pink, and lemon; pale blue, pink, and pastel-green; and cyclamen, blue, and aqua.

Ready to Wear: "Gwendoline," sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 63/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 65/9. Postage 1/9½ extra.
Cut Out Only: "Gwendoline," sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 63/3; 36 and 38in. bust, 65/8. Postage 1/9½ extra.

Ready to Wear: "Maria," sizes 4, 6, and 8 years. Lengths 20, 23, and 27in. Prices 19/9, 23/9, and 27/9. Postage 6½d extra for small sizes, 7½d for 27in.
Cut Out Only: "Maria," sizes 4, 6, and 8 years. Lengths 20, 23, and 27in. Prices 15/3, 18/6, and 21/11. Postage 8½d extra for small sizes, 7½d for 27in.

"BRIDGET."—An attractive jacket-suit with a form-fitting jacket and full skirt. The material is printed spun linen, the colors pastel-green, saxe-blue, gold, and aqua—all printed with a black-and-white floral design.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 63/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 65/9. Postage 1/9½ extra.
Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 64/9; 36 and 38in. bust, 67/3. Postage 1/9½ extra.



"MINNA."—A tailored shirt-blouse, can be worn outside or tucked in, as illustrated. The material is a rayon crepe-de-chine in white, pale blue, or pale pink.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 35/8; 36 and 38in. bust, 37/11. Postage 1/2½ extra.
Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 36/9; 36 and 38in. bust, 39/11. Postage 1/3½ extra.

"KATRINA and HERMIONE."—Smartly styled pedal-pushers and shorts. The material is cesarine in blue-grey, green, and natural.

Ready to Wear: "Katrina," sizes 24, 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist, 22/8. Postage 8½d extra.
Cut Out Only: "Katrina," sizes 24, 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist, 19/6. Postage 8½d extra.

Ready to Wear: "Hermione," sizes 24, 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist, 14/9. Postage 8½d extra.
Cut Out Only: "Hermione," sizes 24, 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist, 11/11. Postage 8½d extra.

N.B.: Please make a second color choice.

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Dick's ten-year-old daughter, says: "I just adore that Horlicks flavour!" Many people drink Horlicks at home simply because they enjoy that distinctive flavour. Others drink Horlicks because they need it to build them up, nourish the body and nerves, and to induce deep, refreshing sleep. But—whatever the reason—everyone enjoys Horlicks.



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Solvol's gentle action cleans more thoroughly... keeps hands smooth and will not harm the skin. Solvol's rich lather goes down deep... cleans hands four times faster than ordinary soaps ever can. Always keep Solvol handy... best in the bathroom, where the whole family can use it every day.

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Spring Blossom Softness

Petal-smooth texture

to flatter your complexion

Three Flowers brings you
new-bloom beauty . . . a delicate,
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in enchanting shades that give warmth
and subtle charm to your
own individual skin tone.

three flowers

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Creations of Richard Hudnut



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Illness, influenza, or even a severe cold, not only lowers energy rapidly, but the restoration of health and vigour may often be tedious and prolonged.

You can speed up recovery by taking a revitalizing course of Phyllosan tablets. Taken regularly, these tablets act as a general tonic, stimulate metabolism, and increase energy.

They are "a great help, a wonderful tonic."

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3/6 per small bottle
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Hot, tired feet need this treatment:

A Cuticura Soap bath and Cuticura Ointment application. Try it and enjoy real foot comfort. Cuticura Ointment, Soap and Talcum Powder—the famous trio.

512

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● Holidays spent in the sun gardening, walking, playing tennis or golf are grand health builders and fun besides, especially if extra glamor is achieved in the process.

SO let us bring ourselves up to date on some of the points to bear in mind, and tactics to plan, to ensure the fullest enjoyment from these pastimes.

● **Gardening.** Go into the garden, Maid, for a first-class opportunity to improve not only the family menu or flower supply, but your figure and complexion as well.

Few exercises compare with gardening for whitening off waistline spare tyres and melting inches off the hip measurement.

As you hoe, rake, and dig you put practically every muscle of the body into play, you twist and bend, squirm and push, and perform contortions you would not attempt if you thought about it. You inhale deep draughts of fat-burning ozone, and the chances are that while you're outside you won't be tempted to nibble high calorie foods.

Admittedly, you may ache a bit the first few days, but that's only because you've been using muscles that have lain dormant. The ache will vanish as soon as they limber up, and so will excess poundage.

You've got to be smart about gardening, though, or you will harvest a crop which goes discreetly unmentioned in most gardening notes—namely, a nice assortment of scraggly fingernails, scratched knuckles, and perhaps a few calluses for good measure.

Gloves, of course, are both prevention and cure of hand casualties, and, best of all, a lanolin-rich hand cream, applied generously beforehand, will actually work at prettying fingers while they are busy among the plants. The action of moving hands, combined with the sun's warmth, forces the cream into the skin, and steps up that desirable softening action.

Where lighter tasks involve bare-hand work, protective cream or damp soap provides an invisible glove, coating the skin with a soil-defying finish that washes off quickly, with no abrasives or scrubbing necessary.

To make sure your manicure won't be massacred when working without gloves, dig your nails into a cake of soap before sallying forth.

The soap will keep out the dirt, and at the same time serve as slight reinforcement behind the nails, re-

ducing the incidence of bending and cracking.

Face comes next: The combined fresh air and garden sunshine treatment can bring a bloom to the cheeks and sparkle to the eyes that are very becoming but pat some skin food round the eyes before putting on glare glasses to ward off sun wrinkles, and make certain both skin and hair are adequately screened with hat, scarf, or sunproof preparations after reasonable exposure.

● **Hiking.**—Add comfort to enthusiasm for walking, never forgetting that the way feet feel influences the serenity of the face, perfection of posture, duration of energies, as well as enjoyment of the occasion.

Need it be mentioned that walking shoes should be old friends, heel-hugging, wide enough across and in length, without being sloppy?

Rubber soles and wedge heels alike are to be avoided over distances, and thick socks worn over thin stockings are a constructive thought.

It's a fine idea to visit a chiropodist before a hiking holiday to make sure feet are in good trim, and to condition them with daily methylated spirit massaging.

Before starting on a hike, powder feet thickly with foot powder, and rub heels with a piece of damp soap to help prevent blisters.

● **Sporting.**—Golf and tennis enthusiasts must be especially clever with make-up during summer fixtures; experience shows that a foundation lotion is usually superior to cream or pancake bases when playing games.

Increased perspiration must have an out, otherwise beads gather on top of the foundation and cause it to cake and clog unattractively.

The lightest dusting of face powder is usually enough to "set" a lotion, and when the time comes, as it certainly will, makes a quick clean-up with liquid cleanser a minor undertaking while travelling light.

Smooth lipstick in firmly, and powder over it, to reduce the incidence of spread as you become heated; or try the lip-fix preparation that is now on the market. This liquid is brushed over your own lip color and keeps it solid for hours.

To harden soft hands and prevent blisters, rub them with spirit night and morning.

Lovely Skin makes glamorous dreams come true!



Dream on, lovely lady!

Solyptol Soap will

KEEP your skin healthy and your complexion soft and clear

and radiant. Solyptol Soap will

surely help your dreams come true.

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THE WORLD'S BEST MEDICATED TOILET SOAP

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Napro HAIR VITALIZER

leaves hair so lustrous and so easy to manage

AT CHEMISTS, STORES AND BEAUTY SALONS

HEARNE'S FOR BRONCHITIS

FOR "GOODNESS" SAKE take HEARNE'S and STOP COUGHING!!

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BUSTIN' WITH FLAVOUR!

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More Energy Value!



Just one plate of Kellogg's Corn Flakes — served with milk and sugar — has as much energy value as two big helpings of lamb's fry and bacon. That's more than enough energy to keep you going till lunchtime.

30 seconds
from packet
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The quickest, easiest breakfast of all! No cooking. No messy pots and pans to clean. Just think of the time and work that will save you every morning of your life!

Bigger,
Crisper
Flakes!



Only the finest sun-ripened Australian white corn goes into Kellogg's Corn Flakes. That's what makes them so much bigger . . . so much crunchier! Serve them every morning!

Always say "*Kellogg's*"
before you say **CORN FLAKES**





SPICED walnut ring-cake has a delicious flavor, and is inexpensive to make. The mixture requires only two ounces of shortening and one egg. See recipe below.

By Our
Food and Cookery
Experts



minutes before turning carefully on to cake-cooler. When quite cold, coat with coconut marshmallow, and decorate with toasted coconut and cherries.

Coconut Marshmallow: One scant teaspoon gelatine, 1 cup hot water, 1 egg-white, 1 cup sifted icing sugar, 1 teaspoon cocoa, 1 teaspoon coffee essence, vanilla to flavor, toasted coconut and cherries to decorate.

Dissolve gelatine in hot water, allow to cool. Whip egg-white until stiff, gradually add dissolved gelatine, then icing sugar sifted again with cocoa. Lastly fold in coffee essence and vanilla, continue beating until very thick. Pour over cake and coat quickly with coconut as icing sets rapidly. Decorate with cherries.

APPLE MUSHROOMS

One cup plain flour, 1 cup corn-flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt, 4oz. margarine or butter, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup well drained stewed apple pulp, 1 cup stale cakecrumbs, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 2 tablespoons mock cream, grated chocolate or cocoa.

Sift flour, cornflour, baking powder, and salt. Rub in shortening, add sugar. Mix to a dry dough with beaten egg. Roll thinly on floured board, cut into rings with plain cutter and line shallow patty-tins. Bake in hot oven (400deg. F. gas, 450deg. F. electric) 6 to 8 minutes. Cut remaining pastry into pieces about 1/4 in. wide and 1 in. long. Bake on biscuit tray. Combine apple, crumbs, lemon rind, fill into cold patty-cases. Spread top of each with thin layer of mock cream, dust with grated chocolate or sifted cocoa and mark with fork to represent underside of mushroom. Insert stalks. Assemble just before serving, as moist apple filling softens pastry.

once cut does not keep so well as a rich fruit-cake. Day before required for cutting coat with frosting.

Toasted Almond Frosting: Two egg-whites, 1 1/2 cups sugar, 2 tablespoons water, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon almond essence, 3oz. ground almonds, green coloring, 3oz. split toasted almonds (previously blanched).

Place egg-whites, sugar, and water in basin. Place over boiling water and beat with rotary beater 10 to 12 minutes, or until mixture is thick, creamy, and stands in peaks. Remove from heat, add lemon juice and almond essence. Continue beating until slightly cooled and very thick. Fold in ground almonds and green coloring. Spread over top and sides of cake, leaving surface rough. Decorate with split toasted almonds.

SPICED WALNUT RING

Two ounces margarine or butter, 2oz. sugar, vanilla, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon treacle, 1 cup chopped walnuts, 5oz. flour, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate soda, 1 teaspoon ginger, 1 teaspoon ground cloves, 1 teaspoon spice, 1 cup milk.

Cream shortening with sugar and vanilla until soft, white, and fluffy. Add unbeaten egg, mix well. Fold in treacle and nuts, then sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk. Turn into greased ring-tin, bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 35 to 40 minutes. Allow to stand 2 or 3

THE festive season always brings unheralded callers—the seldom-seen friend or relative who comes to wish you well.

When the cake-tin is filled and cool drinks are chilling in refrigerator or ice-box, it is easy to welcome guests cordially.

LIGHT FRUIT-CAKE WITH TOASTED ALMOND FROSTING

Half pound margarine or butter, 1 dessertspoon grated orange rind, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 lb. plain flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 4 eggs, 1 lb. castor sugar, 4oz. coarsely

chopped blanched almonds, 4oz. crystallised or drained cherries (cut into rings), 4oz. chopped seeded raisins, 2oz. chopped soaked dried peaches or apricots, 4oz. shredded peel, 1 level teaspoon baking powder, 1 tablespoon corn-flour, 1 or 2 tablespoons rum or sherry.

Cream margarine or butter with orange and lemon rind. Gradually add sifted flour and salt, continue beating until soft, white, and fluffy. Separate whites from yolks of eggs, beat whites until stiff but not dry. Gradually add sugar, beat until sugar is dissolved. Add yolks, mix into creamed butter and flour until mixture is smooth and well blended. Fold in almonds, fruits, and rum or sherry. Loosely fold in baking powder sifted with corn-flour. Turn into 8 in. round or square tin lined with one layer brown and one layer white paper. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) approximately 1 1/2 hours. Allow to cool in tin. When quite cold remove from tin, leave paper wrapping on, store in tin with tightly fitting lid (to keep airtight) until ready to ice.

Note: This cake may be kept quite successfully for two weeks before icing. It keeps moist (particularly if it has been possible to use butter in the mixture), but

THIS delicious light fruit-cake is just the thing to serve with a cool drink when friends drop in to wish you "Happy Christmas." It is a pleasant change from the conventional dark fruit-cake, but does not keep so long.

FOR
*Christmas
Callers*



A feast of fish as quick as a flash—that's Kraft Fish Supreme! Choice fish packed with every bit of its succulent flavour intact. Young or old, if they like fish, they can't resist Kraft Fish Supreme. And it's ready to eat whenever you are—it's the new answer to the old search for something different.



KRAFT FISH SUPREME

1/3 per 8 oz. tin.



SLIGHTLY DEARER
IN
COUNTRY DISTRICTS



HERE'S AN IDEA for a Christmas gift with a personal touch. Make a batch of your favorite cookies, pack them attractively in a gay box with bright cellophane wrappings, and you have a novel and inexpensive gift.

**Our cookery book will make
a wonderful Christmas gift**



INDIAN MINCE-PIES served piping hot, as shown, are an unusual way of serving curried meat.



STRAWBERRY MERINGUE SPONGE with a soft marshmallow-type filling is decorated with fresh strawberries and button meringues.

MERINGUE—crisp and lightly browned—tops a delicious sweet, two-fruit meringue, which may be served hot or cold.



COMBINED FLAVORS of dates and cheese make this tea-ring a delightful addition to afternoon tea or supper parties.



YOU cannot afford to miss The Australian Women's Weekly Cookery Book, which will be on sale this week.

This wonderful 68-page book, containing over 300 recipes, includes all the prizewinners in the £2000 cookery contest (several are illustrated above), as well as four highly commended food budgets and menu plans.

In addition to prize fruit cakes, sponges, novelty and butter cakes, small cakes and cookies, economical meat dishes, hot and cold desserts, scones, teacakes, nut and fruit rolls, you'll find every known type of pastry incorporated in the sweet and savory pastry recipes.

Order your cookery book now from any one of our offices or from your newsagent. Price 2/-.

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Flavour
makes all the
difference**

Continental chefs here in Australia always insist on SAVOY. For Savoy is made in the true Continental style... tasty, tempting, delicious and nutritious. On your next grocery order, ask for SAVOY by name.

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The Super Spray that kills quickly and keeps on killing.

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The paint that wears like iron
on any walked on surface



SOLPAH



Here we show you two old floors that have been made to look like new with Solpah. The wooden floor of the sun room now gleams with gay color. And look through the door. That used to be a shabby linoleum on the floor . . . Solpah has given it a new surface—bright, cheerful and easy to clean. Solpah can make even a cement surface shine with bright color!

DYNAMEL — Brilliant gloss—in gay attractive colors—does wonders for kitchen, bedroom or any paintable furniture and woodwork.

TAUBMANS Enamelised BUTEX —For exterior trims and woodwork. Extra long wearing and retains all its high gloss.

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oh-oh, Dry Scalp!



"... THE TRUTH COMES OUT when a man checks his hat. Goodness, how his hair spoils his appearance. It's so dull and lifeless... and full of loose dandruff. Well, that's Dry Scalp for you... maybe I should tell him about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic..."

Hair looks better.. scalp feels better.. when you check Dry Scalp



HIS HAIR GETS THE OKAY NOW! Yours can, too. Just massage your scalp with five drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic each day to supplement natural scalp oils dried out by sun and wind — to help check Dry Scalp, clear away loose dandruff — and give your hair a natural, well-groomed look.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

Double care — Both Scalp and Hair

BACKACHE? DO AS I DID!

In my case, getting rid of nagging and pleasure-spoiling backache was surprisingly simple. I tackled the trouble right at the root cause — the kidneys.

Not everybody realises the fact that tired and sluggish kidneys can be the cause of most of those back-breaking pains and creaking joints. Yes! if these vital organs fail in their task of filtering and expelling waste matter from the body, you can expect suffering. So, immediately you suspect tired kidneys, do as I did, turn to the world-famous medicine made specially to relieve this trouble — De Witt's Pills.

The glowing tributes that fill our files show that thousands of grateful users have found this to be true. De Witt's Pills act directly and quickly upon the kidneys, cleansing them and toning them up to their task of expelling the harmful impurities that are causing the discomfort and distress.

So get a supply of De Witt's Pills now and tackle your trouble right away. For economy's sake, buy the 5/9 size which contains two and a half times the quantity contained in the 3/- size.

DE WITT'S PILLS For Kidney and Bladder Troubles

SECTION of living-room at right shows mist-green walls and furniture and flooring of mountain ash waxed a honey shade. The carpet is rose, the suite covered in off-white and mulberry striped fabric, curtains are sage-green and white. Fireplace is painted brick with built-in flintments either side.



Planned for sun on narrow plot

By EVE GYE

THESE pictures and the ground plan of a T-shaped house show how a Victorian architect has achieved a sense of space in his timbered home set on a long, narrow plot.

Mr. and Mrs. Stephen P. Dorling and their two little daughters have occupied the home for only a few months, but they love it.

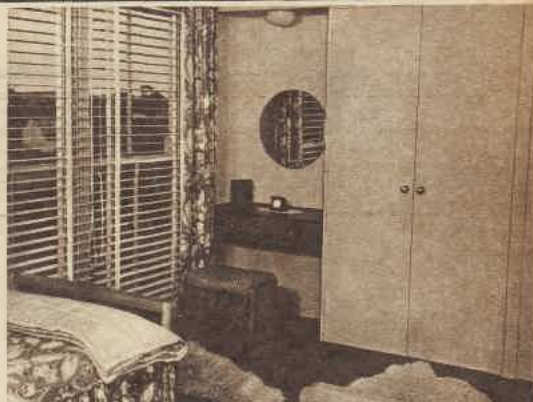
The living, sleeping, and utility quarters are represented as entirely independent sections, skillfully linked.

The bedroom wing faces the street in order to catch the morning sun, and has been placed as far back as possible.

The bedrooms open from a pullman-like corridor, which is lighted by high, narrow windows.

Living-room and dining area, entrance hall, and kitchen are a single block, which is placed crosswise as shown on plan. Living-room has floor-to-ceiling windows and glass doors that lead on to the slate-paved terrace and rear garden.

This is a delightful spot and increases to a great degree the comfort of the home. And when the garden is completed and shrubs and trees grow the house will have a charming frame.



TEN-YEAR-OLD JILL and younger sister Anne share this bedroom. Built-in cupboards are completely encased to avoid dust-collecting tops. Windows fall from floor to ceiling to ensure maximum of air and sunlight.

Pretty crochet edgings

● Specially designed for the decoration of kerchiefs, d'oyleys, traycloths, place mats.

HERE are the directions for the four crochet edgings illustrated at right:

Material: One ball Coats' Mercer-Crochet No. 60 (20 gram); Milward's steel crochet hook, No. 5. (Slack workers could use a No. 5½ hook, and tight workers a No. 4½.)

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; sl-st., slip stitch; d.c., double crochet; tr., treble; dbl. tr., double treble; sp., space.

Edging No. 1: Commence at one end with 4 ch.

1st Row: 2 tr. into 4th ch. from hook, 2 tr. into same place, 5 ch., turn.

2nd Row: Into 2 ch. sp. work 2 tr., 2 ch., 2 tr. (shell made), 5 ch., turn. Rep. 2nd row for length required. Do not break off thread. * 10 ch., 1 d.c. into next 5 ch. loop; rep. from * across one long side. Fasten off.

Heading: Attach thread to first 5 ch. loop at opposite side. * 5 ch., 1 d.c. into next loop; repeat from * across. Fasten off.

Edging No. 2: Commence at narrow end with 11 ch.

1st Row: 1 tr. into 11th ch. from hook, 3 ch., turn.

2nd Row: 11 tr. into sp., 1 tr. into 4th ch. made, 1 ch., turn.

3rd Row: 1 d.c. into each tr., 1 d.c. into top of turning ch. (13 d.c. in all), 5 ch., turn.

4th Row: Miss 1 d.c., 1 d.c. into next d.c., * 5 ch., miss 1 d.c., 1 d.c. into next d.c.; rep. from * 3 times more; 2 ch., miss next d.c., 1 tr. into last d.c., 10 ch., turn.

5th Row: 1 d.c. into next loop, 3 ch., turn.

6th Row: 11 tr. into sp., 1 tr. into 4th of 10 ch., counting from the tr. below, 1 ch., turn.

Rep. 3rd to 6th rows inclusive for length required, ending with 4th row. Fasten off.

Edging No. 3: Make a chain slightly longer than desired length.

1st Row: 1 tr. into 6th ch. from hook, * 1 ch., miss 1 ch., 1 tr. into next ch.; rep. from * across, 1 ch., turn.

2nd Row: 1 d.c. into sp., * 6 ch., miss 1 sp., 1 d.c. into next sp.; rep. from * having an uneven number of sps., 3 ch., turn.

3rd Row: 4 tr. into loop, * 1 ch., 4 tr. into next loop; rep. from * across, turn.

4th Row: * 8 ch., 1 d.c. into 5th ch. from hook (picot made), 3 ch., into next 1 ch. sp. work 1 d.c., 3 ch., 1 d.c.; rep. from * across. Fasten off.

Edging No. 4: **1st Row:** Commence at one end with 4 ch., 1 tr. into 4th ch. from hook, 2 ch., 2 tr. into same ch., leaving the last loop of each on hook, thread over and draw through all loops on hook (cluster made), 10 ch., turn.

2nd Row: Into 2 ch. sp., work 1 cluster, 2 ch., 1 cluster, turn.

3rd Row: 1 sl-st. into sp., 3 ch., 1 tr. into same sp., 2 ch., 1 cluster into same sp., 10 ch., turn.

Rep. 2nd and 3rd rows alternately for desired length, ending with the 2nd row. Do not fasten off, 5 ch., work heading along one long side as follows:—

1st Row: * 1 tr. under last tr-bar of cluster, 3 ch., 1 tr. under turning



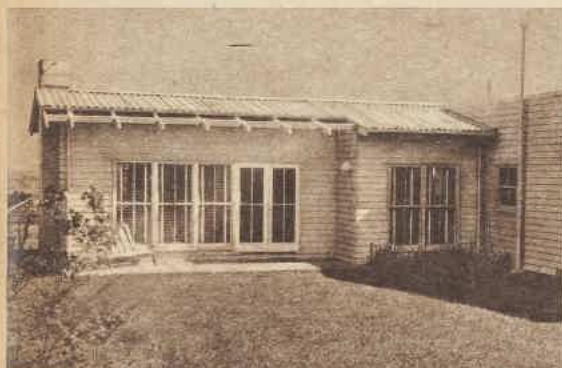
MAKE USE of these crochet designs for the decoration of kerchiefs, d'oyleys, place mats, centrepieces, and traycloths for Christmas giving.

ch., 3 ch.; rep. from * across. Fasten off. Now work scallops along opposite long side as follows:—Attach thread to first 10 ch. loop, * into next loop work 9 dbl. tr. with 1 ch. between, 1 d.c. into next 10 ch. loop; rep. from * across, ending with 1 d.c. into last loop, 1 ch., turn.

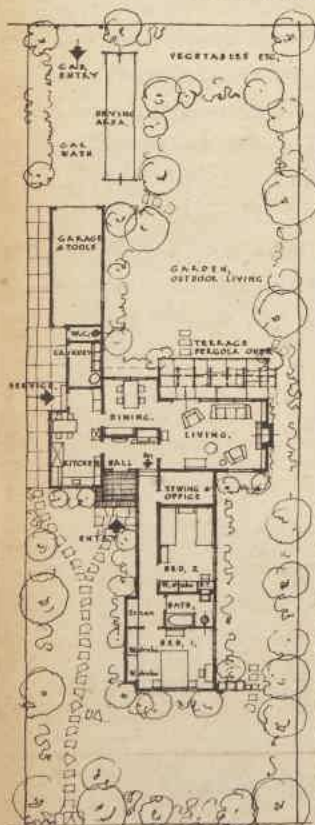
2nd Row: 1 d.c. into next 1 ch. sp., * (3 ch., 1 d.c. into next sp.) 7 times, 1 d.c. into next 1 ch. (between dbl. trs.); rep. from * across. Fasten off.



VIEW TAKEN from front garden of home shows sleeping wing, entered by steps from the living section. House is simple in design and sleeping wing is built as far as possible from fence on either side for privacy and quiet. House is painted a creamy-green, eaves are sky-blue, roof is of corrugated cement sheets in their natural color.



ANOTHER EXTERIOR view shows sun-terrace which opens off the lounge, and looks over the garden. Its position makes it an ideal suntrap, and the garage on the right shelters it from the westerly winds. Here the Dorlings enjoy the full benefit of out-of-doors living. Picture (right) is a close-up of recessed entrance. Top is painted sky-blue to match wide roof overhang. Door is yellow.



BRILLIANTLY PLANNED T-shaped home on 50ft. allotment. Only window facing sunless south is small kitchen window at left of front door.



VIEW from the living-room shows doorway to kitchen through dinette; also to entrance hall, from which steps lead down to sleeping wing. Door also opens into kitchen.

Milk for health and growth

By Sister MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

MILK is the most economical and the most valuable of the protective foods given to children.

It not only supplies vitamins necessary for the maintenance of good health, but it is rich in mineral salts, especially calcium (lime) and phosphate, which are important for good bone and teeth formation.

Milk provides for the special needs of people of all ages, particularly for expectant mothers and for children.

The milk products—cheese and butter, and cream when available—should all be used in a balanced diet.

Milk needs very special care in

hot weather. When given to babies and little children, especially in city areas, it should always be rapidly brought to the boil, simmered for two to three minutes, quickly cooled, and kept in a cool spot free from dust.

A chapter describing the uses of milk, how to keep milk in hot weather, and how to make average milk recipes for artificial feeding is included in the second edition of "You and Your Baby." This can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney, N.S.W. Price, 7/6, plus 4d. postage (3d. extra for registration).

Note: Names and addresses must be written clearly in block letters.



MEET MR. AND MRS. BARTON

Nice people, the Bartons. Been married four years. And have they been pushed around! But now, one day soon, they're going to move into their own newly built home. Next to their wedding day, this will be the most important day in their lives.

What a pretty little home! Outside painted with Boncote so that it will stay so for years! And inside? Ah! the walls and ceilings finished with Wescos in the most delightful velvety pastel tints you ever saw! No wonder folk envy the Bartons. No wonder their painter is besieged by people wanting their houses done up in the same way. Ask your decorator.

WESCO KALSOMINE

The Perfect Wall Finish

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"At long last, I've handed over my faithful 'Waterman's' to young Bill. I'm going to buy myself one of those handsome new models. What I like about all Waterman's pens is their reliability, the 'one stroke' filler of theirs that saves no end of trouble, and the range of nibs from which I can choose one that really suits my style of writing. Waterman's are real value for money. As a business man, I know!"

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Evan Williams' Shampoos

GENUINE ENGLISH Shampoos

are available again in ALL grades, and Brilliantine too for all shades. At chemists, Hairdressers and Leading Stores. A GRADE FOR EVERY SHADE.



Sold everywhere in bottles and tubes

THE PERFECT WHITE SHOE CLEANER

It won't rub off

Shu-Milk

to Babies—
to Mothers—
to Sisters—
and others...
this Christmas give



Johnson's GIFT PACKS

Everyone appreciates a practical gift—particularly when it is as attractive as this special Johnson's Gift Pack. Imagine! Two tins of silky smooth Johnson's Baby Powder to keep you cool and fresh all day long plus a tablet of creamy Johnson's Baby Soap to look after your complexion, packed together in a really delightful cellophane covered gift box. Millions of women all over the world choose and use Johnson's so, to make a good impression, make this your expression of pleasant Christmas wishes.

AND JOHNSON'S BABY

GIFT BOXES



A gift to add charm to every nursery. An attractive little box, blue or pink for boy or girl, containing a tin of Johnson's Baby Powder and a cake of Johnson's Baby Soap—At Chemists and Stores everywhere.

Johnson's BABY POWDER • BABY SOAP

"Best for Baby—Best for You"

USED BY MILLIONS OF MOTHERS ALL OVER THE WORLD

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 1128.—HOUSE FROCK

The pattern is clearly traced on summer breeze (a Caesar product), ready to cut out and machine, in pastel grounds of pale green, blue, aqua, pink, lemon, and grey, with a white floral design.

Sizes: 32 and 34in. bust, 17/11; 36 and 38in. bust, 18/8. Postage 1/9½ extra.

No. 1129.—BABY'S ROMPER SUIT

The pattern is clearly traced, ready to cut out and machine, on rayon crepe-de-chine in white, pale blue, or pale pink, or in a British cotton in natural, green, lemon, or blue.

Sizes: 17in. length, 1 year, crepe-de-chine, 10/11; British cotton, 5/11; 18in. length, 2 years, crepe-de-chine, 11/8; British cotton, 6/9. Postage 4½d. extra for each.

No. 1130.—SMOCK SUIT

The pattern is clearly traced, ready to cut out and machine, on good quality rayon crepe-de-chine in white, pale blue, or pink; also in British cotton in natural, green, lemon, or blue.

Sizes: 17in. length, 1 year, crepe-de-chine, 17/11; British cotton, 8/9; 18in. length, 2 years, crepe-de-chine, 18/9; British cotton, 9/8. Postage 6½d. extra for each.

No. 1131.—LITTLE GIRL'S FROCK

The pattern is clearly traced on a dainty flower design in white on pastel grounds of lemon, lil, sky, and pink organdie.

Sizes: 18in. length, 2 years, 20in., 4 years, 14/6; 23in., 6 years, 15/3. Postage 6½d. extra for each.

PLEASE NOTE: When ordering Needlework Notions Nos. 1128, 1129, 1130 and 1131, make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

TO ORDER: Needlework Notions and Fashion Patterns may be obtained from our Pattern Department. If ordering by mail send to address given on page 31.



Fashion PATTERNS



F5330.—One-piece dress styled with bow-tie neckline and all-round fullness in the skirt. Sizes, 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price, 1/11.

F5331.—Nipped-in waist and skirt fullness in a smart light wool coat. Sizes, 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. material. Price, 1/11.

F5332.—Jerkin suit with flared skirt and soft blouse. Sizes, 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material for suit and 2½yds. 36in. material for blouse. Price, complete, 2/8.

F5333.—Simple and smart one-piece dress. Sizes, 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 36in. material. Price, 1/11.

F5334.—Small girl's sun frock and matching jacket. Sizes, 4, 6, and 8 years, or lengths, 20, 23, 27 inch. Requires 1½yds. 36in. material. Price, 1/8.

F5335.—One-piece with unusual tuck treatment. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material. Price, 1/11.



Zam-Buk for Happy Carefree Feet at Work or Play

In every hot spell, thousands prove what a blessing Zam-Buk is to tired, swollen feet. You simply bathe them in warm water, dry thoroughly, and rub in Zam-Buk.

Soothing, healing and antiseptic, Zam-Buk gets well into the pores, chasing out tiredness, soothing soreness, and reducing swelling. Corns and callouses are softened so that they can easily be removed. Broken blisters and chafing are soon healed.

Get your feet in good condition now for the hot weather still to come. Zam-Buk applied nightly will give you the comfort of carmine, happy feet.

Zam-Buk is also excellent for cuts, grazes, bruises, insect bites, and common skin troubles.

Zam-Buk

1/8 of all Chemists

SUFFERERS FROM SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS

should give "VANIX" the opportunity to do for them what it has done for thousands of others.

"VANIX"

is a scientific discovery by Paul Van Schuyler, which firstly de-vitalises and then destroys the hair. It has no detrimental effect on the skin and is simple and pleasant to use.

"VANIX" is priced at 5/11 a bottle (Posted 6/4½) from Hallam's Pty. Ltd., 212 George St., Sydney, and all Branches: Myer Emporium, Bourke St., Melb.; Swift's Pharmacy, 370 Little Collins St., Melb.; and Birks Chemists, Ltd., 37 and 278 Rundle St., Adelaide.



I never lose time from work now. Those Back-aches and Headaches have gone since I have been taking Ford Pills, and I can work all day without getting tired.

Ford Pills contain the concentrated extracts that give you the valuable laxative properties of fruit.

2/6 Everywhere
in unbreakable plastic tubes. F.I.A.

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THERE'S A **Casben** SHORT
FOR EVERY SPORT



ADVANTAGE . . . to these shrewdies in boilable white Casben Tennis Shorts, belted at back and adjustable at sides for a firm waist grip in action, and with four pockets (including safety button-up fob pocket).



Chalk up part of the credit for this golfer's good drive to his comfort-plus Casben Walk Shorts, in Yankee Pink with color-splash belt.



From surf to sandwiches in fine style . . . in BOXER style Casben Swim Shorts with special inbuilt support, smooth discreet front, Shade of Maroon.

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Casben

SMARTER THAN ORDINARY SHORTS FOR MEN

Pacific Blue Casben Swim Shorts with color-splash belt, easy reef buckle and safety button-up fob pocket — also available in Boxer style with elastic waist.

Casben Casual Clothes
are designed and tailored by
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